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MINE.

BY WM. W. LONG.

In the lone last years God sealed you mine,—
Soul and body, heart and breath,
Mingled and mixed each with the other,
That ne'er divided will be by death.

I won you then, and I claim you now,
I claim you now, for I won you then;
Spite of the shadow that lies between,
You are mine alone of all other men.

Back to the World

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

THE description, though severe, is not without the truth, and there is a little giggling.

"Oh, but, besides that," says some good-natured soul hurriedly, to change the conversation, "she's a Martinian!"

"Oh!" exclaim one or two, as if that of course accounted for everything.

"Is she? I thought myself she was a Canadian," says another innocently.

"But I believe 'Martinian' means a sect, you know!"

"Oh, I see! Is she really a Martinian? Er—I don't think I quite know what—er—what they profess; but—er—I fancy there are certain points—er—I don't quite—one doesn't quite agree on—er—certain points."

"Is that all she has done?" Dick whispers to the fourth Miss Robinson.

"Well—nobody visits her, I think."

"Oh!" Dead silence. Then—"But may one ask why?"

"For—for good reasons, I believe. Mamma would tell you, I dare say. She didn't explain to us why—but she doesn't call. Shall we play again?"

The young ladies rise from their seats and flutter about prettily; but Dick will not play. Next game perhaps! Presently, when the game has begun, he outtonholes a friend and leads him a yard or so away.

"Look here—what was it they meant about that girl?"

"About which girl"?—"Miss Harvest."

"Oh—the cheeky little thing! But the Robinsons are always hinting something about somebody. She's odd, you know, Ffolliott—decidedly—and she hasn't bowed down to Mrs. Champneys, and she hasn't taken a class at the school. She gives away a lot of money to the poor, but she gives it herself—not through Mrs. Champneys's funds and things; so it's not relieving the necessitous, you know—it's only encouraging drink and idleness. And then she's too pretty ——"

"She is pretty!"

"And she won't wear gloves; and she called old Brown, the fishman that comes about and whines so about his 'dooty to his feller-man,' a rascally cheat."

"No! By George, did she?"

"Yes. Excitable, wasn't it, for seventeen? You see, that sort of personality may have been the mainstay of her people's conversation. She is English though, after all—born of English parents, I believe, somewhere out West. They went gold-digging—gold-getting too, I fancy. She seems to have money. But there's a horrible-looking man who comes to see her now and then; he's her uncle. That's about all the case against her, I fancy."

"But you said she was cheeky?"

"Well yes—and she's dangerous."

'Dangerous—that child!"

"Yes. She may be very pleasant and calm and frank with you; but, if you forget and go too close to the cage, she snaps."

"And where on earth did you learn all this, Halliday?"

"She was six months at Ventnor before she came here; and I was there, if you remember, when I was recovering from my illness. She didn't get on with any of the women—that's certain; and most of the men fought shy of her. She has such confoundedly cool ways! But, when she does choose to look kindly at you, it's all up with you, Ffolliott—you're done for!"

"Oh, is that your experience?"

"Well, not exactly mine. Fancy, Mary —— No; I knew a doctor there who attended a servant of hers of whom she was fond, and he was very kind, and she was grateful or something, and said so—and looked so! And he was quite carried away by her manner, and remarked that he felt paid in full."

"Handy to have a look like that! I wonder if I tried to look grateful at my tailor if he would feel paid in full? Go on."

"If your tailor were a tailoress, I'd back you! Well, this doctor mumbled something to that effect, and something else about glorious looks of lovely eyes—something highly unprofessional, anyhow—and, metaphorically she boxed his ears."

"She does not like compliments."

"How do you know? Come now!"

"Well, she told me," Dick admits, reddening.

"And here have I been 'discoorsin' an' discoorsin',' and the miscreant knows her! Pat her back for me when you see her next. I like her spirit; but if you were to believe Mary—— Oh—and she said that the Westray people were a set of monotonous twaddlers—except a few!"

"Let us hope you and I are among the exceptions," laughs Dick.

And shortly afterwards they separate, Dick Ffolliott escorting a party of ladies to thier own homes, all more or less in the same direction, a pleasantly vacant expression on his face and his thoughts far away from them.

Presently one the girls, flushed into redness with her exertions and descanting energetically on the "thuperiority of the Robinthonth' lawn," cries——

"Oh, goodneth me—thereth that girl!"

It is she, in the white dress: but since Dick has seen her there have been embellishments in the shape of a large bunch of poppies in her hat and at her throat. Her walk in admirable, if a trifle freer than city conventionalism is accustomed to pronounce correct. Her carriage is graceful and easy; the head and shoulders are erect and dignified.

She sees Dick, and her face lights up; she sees his companions, and notes their stony looks of disapproval, and her smile suddenly goes out and a troubled frown takes its place. She nods surly to Dick, who raises his hat, but cannot stop, because Mrs. Champneys gripe his arm with a mighty grip.

Miss Harvest looks back for her dog, whistles for it, and cries——

"Come on, puppy!"

They pass. There is a silence of horror, and then the boldest Miss Champneys says—

"Mamma—Mr. Ffolliott—did you hear what she said?"

"Mamma" only shakes her head; but Dick exclaims—

"No, I did not!"—and then adds, as irritably as he may, in addressing a lady, "I mean—yes, I did! And what of it, Miss Laura—what of it?"

CHAPTER VI.

The ice being broken, Miss Harvest and Dick meet very often. More—it is not likely that, while Dorcas gives such frigid response to Dick's clearly-expressed admiration for her, he should entirely desist from it. He does not; he tries every known means of fascination, and she is as indifferent to them as his mother's pet canary might be.

He is not angry—he does not hate her for it; but he is startled and depressed—it is such a very unusual state of things. He does not ask much of her; all he wants is that she should be a little agitated when she sees him. If she would only seem so once, this extreme tension of feeling would be at an end. But, confound it, she will not show any sign of agitation!

It is natural therefore that in the interim he should endeavor to seek solace for his sorely wounded vanity in Miss Harvest's flattering looks and words.

They drive together in her little pony-carriage—she does not drive donkeys when Dick is with her. They walk, boat, ride, fish—for there is a small river running through Fladden Park also several ponds, and the sea is only five miles off by the road. They picnic, stealing away like truant children—not because she is afraid, but because he is afraid of their being seen together. They get on capitally. They do not flirt, and they do not pretend to quarrel; but they enjoy each other's society immensely. She has a vast store of flattery, unconscious, to bestow on him, and he has a vast capacity for absorbing it. Their friendship is a harmless one. He own innate purity of purpose, her startling decision of character, and Dick's unconscious intuition keep him respectful. He knows when he may say "Glory, my darling!" and when he may not. Harmless though all this may be, it is none the less mischievous.

Westray is nothing if it is not slightly scandalous. To begin with, what girl who possesses the absurd name of "Glorious Harvest" can possibly be quite the same in feeling as other girls? What could the parents have been like who deliberately played such a practical joke on their defenceless infant as to christen her in memory of a successful year for the crops?

"Why," cries Miss Irene Green of the Rosery, "they might as well, when I was christened, have called me 'Bottle'!"

But Glory does not know that she is tabooed; perhaps she does not know what being tabooed means. She does know the difference between right and wrong—or feels it; but she is ignorant of the fact that it is not enough for a girl to be good—she must also seem to be good, for example's sweet sake. It does not occur to her what is permissible in other, wider, less conventional lands is not permissible in such little idle spots as Westray.

Between Mrs. Champneys, the Doctor's wife, Mrs. Glann Morris, the Robertsons, the Robinsons, the Whites, the Greens, and Browns, the organist's cousin, the dressmaker's niece, the postmaster's aunt, the landlady of "The Duck and Ducklings," and one or two others, she is soon dissected, labelled "Not much good," and settled in the public estimation as a person to avoid. Even her ladyship at the Castle has been heard to say, "'Tis a thousand pities.

But Miss Harvest explains matters to Dick.

"My father was killed by a fall from his horse on the day I was born, and the shock killed my mother, and I was brought up quite wild by my grandfather. He called me 'Glorious' because it was the last word my mother said. She just lay and smiled at grandfather; and he said to her, 'How is it with you, my deary?'—she was his only child, mind—and she looked upward and just whispered 'Glorious!'—nothing more. And 'Glorious' it was."

"And is!" Dick says gently, stroking her hand. "You're like it."

"Dear me!" she exclaims lightly, then adds, "Then he died, and now I'm on my own hook."

"Now, Glory!"

"Well, I'm my own mistress. I ran away from my uncle, who is a fiend! And, by-the-bye, did you know that Mr. Barrable up at Fladden has my money to take care of?"

"You don't say so!"

"Yes; but we've quarrelled. He wants me to board with some ladies who work crochet mats and play the piano—and I won't!"

"Is he your guardian?"

"Oh, dear me, no! I'm my own guardian. But his father knew my grandfather before he left England, and so he bothers himself about me—and bothers me too!"

There is silence for a while. Dick is thinking to himself that any possible supervision of his flirtation with Glory Harvest on the part of Mr. Barrable would be highly disagreeable.

Glory breaks into his reverie by saying—

"Mr. Ffolliott, were you a very beautiful baby, do you know? I think you must have been."

Meanwhile the poor child, without being at all aware of it, is losing her heart irrevocably, bit by bit, to handsome Dick Ffolliott, and he is simply having a very enjoyable time.

And Dorcas Halling has come, has seen, and is conquering.

"What," cries Mrs. Dawson, with uplifted hands, "did we do before she came?"

"Dorcas, child!" It is Mrs. Dawson calling from the kitchen to the housekeeper's room, where Dorcas is working.

"Yes, Mrs. Dawson."

"That woman Mrs. Robertson has been talking to my dear lady for one hour by the clock; she'll be exhausted. Men are all such dummies! Sir Bryan's in the library—why doesn't he go and drag her out by her bonnet-strings?"

"I'll see what I can do, Mrs. Dawson. But why make me laugh when it is so necessary for me to look serious?"

It is a perfectly serious young person however who presently knocks at the drawing-room door and goes in with a couple of medicine-bottles and a saucer and a sponge; and says, with the calm decided air of a sick-nurse who has but one object in view—her patient—

"Shall I rub you now, ma'am? It is quite time."

"Is it?" says Mrs. Ffolliott feebly. Well——"

The Robertsons, mother and daughter, think they must be going.

Dorcas leaves them to make their adieux and retires into the hall, where Sir Bryan, coming suddenly out of his library, finds her giggling to herself and shaking the bottles together. When she sees him, her face changes.

"Mrs. Robertson is coming out of the drawing-room. She has been here hours! If she sees you, Sir Bryan, she'll stop on."

Sir Bryan looks horror-struck, and disappears.

By-and-by the Robertsons are gone, and Dorcas goes back to her drawing-room. The poor lady is sitting leaning her weary head in her hands.

"On second thoughts, ma'am," says her capricious nurse. "I'm not going to rub you. You had better lie down and sleep. Stebbings is coming with tea—a very nice hot cup—and then you can have a nap."

* * * * * * *

"Goodness alive! There's that old goat of Podders's in the poultry-yard again! Dorcas!"

"Yes, Mrs. Dawson!"

"Did I hear you say you were going to the Farm to look at some apples? Well, then, would you be so good as to tell that old idiot to keep his goat out of my poultry yard? Where's Lucy? It's no good my talking to him. I'm sure I've squalled myself hoarse about it. You'll do more good with two of your quiet words. Why, there he is, the old fool, walking about the field, as if there wasn't such a thing as a goat in the world! Begging your pardon, my dear, for being so free with my tongue, but I do get so aggravated!"

"For the matter of that, Mrs. Dawson," says Dorcas, with a smile that belies her words, "I am a little out of temper myself this morning, and I shall enjoy scolding somebody. Oh, thank you, Stebbings!"—Stebbings has brought her hat.

It is an odd thing—everybody waits on Dorcas, and everybody except Mrs. Dawson and old Bruce calls her "Miss."

"The good gentleman is about to tremble!" she announces, and sets out, rustling her crisp gingham skirts through the grass, having first given one comprehensive look round to see if there is anything like a cow in sight.

Mrs. Dawson and Stebbings, watching from the distance, see her accost old Podders, who stops; and then there is evidently an argument.

Presently the extraordinary sight is seen of the rude old miscreant walking back in pleasant converse with the bright, charming young girl, and routing out his own goat with an energy which nobody dreampt he ever possessed; and then, still more extraordinary, sounds of apology are overheard—words such as old Podders has not, they fancy, used for many a long year.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, Miss. If I'd ha' known you objected to goats, I would not ha let him live, let alone come nigh you, Miss!"

"Then I count on you, Mr. Podders."

The young girl speaks as serenely and politely as a young queen who knows that she has but to command.

Mr. Podders "confounds himself," as the French have it, in excuses and retires.

"Where on earth did that girl get her manner?" exclaims Mrs. Dawson, as she and Stebbings go indoors.

"What manner, Mrs. Dawson?" Stebbings asks innocently.

"What manner, child? And you ask that, who have always lived with the quality! Why 'the' manner, to be sure!"

* * * * *

"Dorcas!"

"Yes, Mr. Richard."

"I wonder if you would kindly tie up my thumb for me. I've cut it."

"Certainly, sir! Where?"

"Here!"

"What—there?"

"Yes; don't you see it?"

"No sir,—Neither do you!" declares Dorcas, with quiet emphasis.

"Well?"

"Yes, sir."

"What—you won't look up, won't you?" he cries irritably.

This girl gives some cruel stabs to his vanity.

"Then I must make you!"

And quickly he has his arm round her waist, and quicker still she has removed her waist from his arm; and she has done this not so much with the gentle push she has given him with one hand as with the look of calm cold displeasure she has given him with her eyes.

"This is very rude and foolish, sir!" she says, with no excitement whatever in her voice or manner. "I am sure, if you reflect how inconvenient it would be for Mrs. Ffolliott to do without me now that she is accustomed to my presence, you will correct your manner to me. If you are going out, Mr. Richard, your shoe-string is undone."

His shoe-string! Good heaven it is this girl who is the real jelly-fish, after all!

* * * * *

"Dorcas!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you read to me? I want to send away this book; and my eyes ache."

Dorcas reads, and Mrs. Ffolliott listens, wondering, as she invariably does, at the extreme purity of voice and pronunciation. Presently the reader comes to a frequently misquoted French expression—coute qui coute—and corrects it as she reads to coute que coute.

"Dorcas, will you give me the book one moment."

Mrs. Ffolliott remembers that she herself has in that very book noticed the misquoted phrase.

"Why, you know French!" she exclaims.

"When I was a very little girl I lived in Paris, and I have kept it up," says Dorcas, her cheeks aflame.

"Well, my dear, there is nothing to get red about. What is it Bryan?"

Dorcas rises from her seat. Sir Bryan has opened the door half-way, and is looking straight at her.

"Pardon me, mother—I'm interrupting you; and I can't come in—I have a gun here. Dorcas, I cannot make these good people out. Where was it you said you saw a weasel go?"

"At the new barn, Sir Bryan, under an old cart-wheel that leans up against——Oh, I'll show you! Oh, may I, ma'am?" She is quite excited about it.

"Good gracious, Dorcas!" cries Mrs. Ffolliott, in amazement. "The poor little brute!"

"But the poor little chickens too, and all the eggs, and the poor bereaved old hens! It isn't their feelings only—it's the expense. This weasel, ma'am, Mrs. Dawson says, has eaten fifty-shillings'-worth."

But Sir Bryan has gone while Dorcas is talking.

"You had better go and show Sir Bryan where you saw the beast. He knows best, of course, what to do."

Between the "poor little chickens" and "the poor little weasel" it is hard to decide. Fate, however, is against the weasel, for, just as Dorcas has arrived within twenty yards of where Sir Bryan is standing, he raises his gun to his shoulder and fires. Something leaps a little way into the air and then drops down; and there is what a very sentimental person might describe as a "fresh young scream."

The screamer is aghast at herself, and then laughs heartily, sitting down on an old log to enjoy her laugh comfortably, until the tears roll down her charming cheeks.

"What an unearthly screech, to be sure! How valiant I am! What a horrid noise to make!"

Sir Bryan comes tramping through the straw, and Dorcas is quite distressed at having uttered so uncouth a sound.

She jumps to her feet again, struggling with shame and laughter, flushed and wet-eyed, feeling that whatever little partiality Sir Bryan may have felt for her must surely be now at an end.

He is delighted with it however, and with her readiness to tell him about the mischievous little beast.

Luckily he was able to go straight to the spot when the brute was coming out; if she had not been so clear, he must have missed the animal again. And then her sweet womanly timidity, and her look at this moment! How lovely the girl is!

"Well, now I may go back to my mistress, sir?"

She goes back, leaving him to stare after her with admiring eyes and with a fast-beating heart. Her own heart beats fast also, which vexes her.

She waits with her hand on the drawing room door and reasons about herself.

"I am not 'falling in love,'" she argues; "I am 'walking in,' deliberately, and with my eyes open! This is truly terrible, and complicates matters. I am a weak-brained simpleton!"

Then she turns the door handle, and looks into the drawing-room.

"Shall I finish reading to you, ma'am? The weasel is no more!"

"I heard the shot," says Mrs. Ffolliott, who is laying down with her eyes shut. "Go away, you dreadful young person!"

* * * * *

One day as Dorcas is returning to the Red House from a visit to the Lodge, the gardener old Bruce, always her. There are two gardeners—Roberts does everything, and Bruce, who does the honors of the place, and who has gone about lopping off a twig and twisting a piece of twine in his hand for the last ten years, and means, please Heaven, to die in harness!

"Dorcas, my dear," he says, with a certain old-worldly gallantly—"a rose for you, my dear—and not to compare with you!"

"I think," says a voice behind them, "that Mrs. Ffolliott would decidedly object to your calling Miss Halling 'Dorcas, my dear!'"

"La, Master Dick, sir!" exclaims the abashed old man, his cheeks aflame in a moment.

It is Dick Ffolliott. He does not like Dorcas's amazed face or the instinctive movement she make away from him, and is sorry that he has spoken so sharply to poor old Bruce, who stands back humbly with the rose still between his poor crooked old finger, about which, not so very many years ago, Dick used to be so indiscreetly curious.

And yet why should he give this self-contained young girl a rose? She seems amenable to attention from every living soul but himself; him, the "Basilica," as a certain Mrs. Malaprop of the neighborhood has dubbed him!

How many basilisk glances is he to dart full into Dorcas Halling's eyes before she shows signs of quailing?

So far from quailing is she that she turns her back on him to accept roses and compliments from old Bruce! He snatches a gardenia from his button-hole—it was given him that very morning by some fair lady—he is capable of pretending to himself that he cannot possibly remember which—and he says, as he offers it to Dorcas, who is waiting by the old man's side until the young master shall have closed the interviews—

"This is more like you."

"Thank you, sir," says Dorcas cheerfully. "It is a little pale, isn't it? No, Mr. Richard, I am sure Mrs. Ffolliott would not object to Bruce's calling me 'my dear'—and I rather like it, sir, thank you!"

"I didn't mean to interfere," he says.

They are all three blushing furiously; then suddenly he looks up at Bruce with his own usual good-tempered expression—Bruce smiles, Dorcas smiles, and Dick smiles—turns on his heel, and strides off.

"Dear, dear me," exclaims the old man, after a moment's pause, "I'm afraid you're going to set us all by the ears, my dear!"

Meanwhile Dick has gone to his mother's drawing-room, where she is lying down and her eldest son is reading the newspaper to her.

"Excuse me, Bryan," Mrs. Ffolliott says. "Will you ring that bell near the door, Dick, as you are close to it? I want Dorcas to arrange these flowers for me."

"Dorcas is in the garden," says Dick; then stops.

Sir Bryan looks up from the newspaper and eyes his brother distrustfully, and the two exchange glances.

"Old Bruce is squiring her about, and giving her roses, and calling her 'my dear,'" Dick goes on, a shade scornfully. "Not particular, is she?"

"Isn't she?" asks his brother, with another quite look. "Old Bruce is one of the most gentlemanly fellows I know with regard to women."

CHAPTER VII.

SEPTEMBER has slipped away and October is following after. It is about the middle of the month when Mrs. Ffolliott begins wearily to admit that she wishes Lady Beckingham would allow Dorcas to come back to Westray.

More than this her kind heart does not allow her to say. But Miss Champneys is always ready to furnish a supply of "strong nervous English," and she says—

"That woman is a selfish beast! And you may imagine that I use an expression of that sort only when I consider myself perfectly justified!"

It is seven weeks since the hot August evening when a messenger on horseback from Beckingham Castle tore up to Westray with the news that little Lord Wren was suffering from the fever.

For Beckingham has had a fever for some time past; and at the Castle, despite repeated warnings, they have smiled at the notion of that fever, which was so rampant in the little cottages a mile away, presuming to enter the gates of magnificent Beckingham Castle.

It has entered them; and at the Castle they have fared as badly as, if not worse than, elsewhere.

This lovely home of one of the noblest families in England has been found—but too late—to be a perfect well of fever, the water-supply being a mere source of contamination, the ventilation a medley of poisonous gases, the drainage a slough of unutterable horrors, over and around which the building rose fair and stately.

And there little Lord Wren has lain suffering for many a terrible week.

During the summer he was much at the Red House. His latest little whim was Dorcas, and they were used to indulge his whims.

And on that sultry night when he lay wailing and fever-restless, moaning and fretting, it was her name that was incessantly on his little lips. He wanted her, and she did not come; and why did they not get her forwith?

His distracted father and mother, his bouncing half-sister, with whom he liked well enough to ride or to teach puppies how to do tricks, were of no use.

Her ladyship cried incessantly. She had let her little son have his own way so long that when she could not or would not give it him he would not look at her. Lady Harriet spoke to loud—she hurt his head. "Go 'way, Harriet!" Even the servants were helpless.

Mrs. Pomfret, his nurse, was at the moment lying very ill of the same fever; and red-cheeked buxom young Camford, the third under-housemaid, of whom he was so fond, was lying far quieter now than ever living girl lay, her red cheeks pale indeed. And they dared not tell him.

Then the nurses from London did not happen to please his little lordship. When they did their best to ease his sufferings, he would do all he could to prevent them, and cry fearfully that he would let Dorcas do that—only Do

When the Earl, who had lost two sons by a former marriage, heard of this great wish of the darling and the hope of his later years, he exclaimed—

"Tell that girl that if she will come I will give her anything that she can possibly ask of me! Nothing in the world will be too much!"

"Who is she?" inquired the Doctor. "Mrs. Ffolliott's attendant? Oh, then really you must try to get her, Lady Beckingham! I cannot have the child thwarted if it is possible to prevent it."

It was a tear-blurred, heart-stirring letter that a man on horseback took to Mrs. Ffolliott—so heart-broken; despairing an appeal that, when the Beckingham brougham, with its two magnificent grays, its tall powdered men-servants, and its flashing lamps, followed after with Lady Harriet in a state of tears and supplication, Dorcas was found already in waiting.

There was a sad outcry, but that was due to more selfish consternation, and did not last; and Dorcas's quiet ready sympathy was not easily to be gainsaid.

"And the little boy supposed to be dying! If Sir Bryan or Mr. Ffolliott were supposed to be dying, and it was thought that there was something I could do, wouldn't you bid me go to him? And I am superstitious, ma'am! I never can bear to refuse my help to anybody's dearly-loved one, lest any dearly one of my own might be in want of help some day, and seek it vainly!"

"Oh, you are right—you are right, dear child! If you are brave, and will go, shall I not be brave, and let you do it? Kiss me, Dorcas!"

"Oh," cried Dorcas the next instant, all aglow, "she kissed me of her own free will!"

* * * * * *

Dorcas has nursed and coaxed the child, back to life—the doctors say so, but the illness has been a long and very wearisome one.

Mrs. Ffolliott the gentle-hearted has not ventured to recall her maid as yet—she is so necessary at Beckingham, even after all danger is over; and Lady Beckingham, who knows peace only when Dorcas is in her son's room, has implored pardon for her selfishness, has been abjectly grateful has shed tears at the thought of her departure and been radiant with joy at every new respite of a day or two.

Mrs. Ffolliott's sense of duty to her neighbor has been fully exercised; Dorcas has been at Beckingham seven weeks.

Every other day she is going, and every other day a letter is sent up to the Red House.

"Would Thursday do as well as Tuesday? Oh, pray say it will! Wren seems a little feverish again," etc.

Mrs. Ffolliott's heart is wrung, and so is Dorcas's, until one day the girl's goodwill and strength, patience and courage seem to fail her all at once. She looks at her white hands, grown so thin, and she is conscious of an exceeding weariness of body and a frantic desire for fresh air. She gets into a corner away from everybody, and cries silently.

"I don't think I can be much missed up there, or surely they would have had me back! Have I had all my trouble for nothing? And then—who knows?—perhaps I am going to have fever and die, and he—he will not know! Oh, dear me—I can't even shed a tear in peace, it seems!—Well, Grace?"

It is a little housemaid who says—

"Oh, please, Miss Halling, it's Sir Bryan Ffolliott; and he says will you get ready at once? He's going to take you away in the dog cart."

Just half an hour back Sir Bryan was rattling along the country lanes homewards at dusk. The moon was rising and it promised to be a lovely night.

His thoughts, however were very gloomy ones. For seven weeks he had been telling himself that Westray without Dorcas was Westray without happiness. He knew that he had craved and still craved for money, position, his own again, and all such worldly advantages as an honest man might crave for; and he knew too that a hundred thousand times more he craved to hold a certain young girl clasped in his arms, to love and to be loved by her. And he had been asking himself what he was to

do with this mad passion of his. Heaven help him.

"Hallo! Hallo! Sir Bryan!"

A voice from another dog-cart—Mr. Barrable's voice—and both gentlemen pulled up and said, "How d' do?" without waiting for an answer.

"I'm back from Scotland, you see."

"Yes—so I see. Been away some time?"

"Eight weeks. Just seen Lord Beckingham—went there about a horse."

"No! How is the boy?"

"Very fair now, he says. But, you know, they'll have to knock the place to bits when he's better. It's a confounded death-trap, that house! Homes of the aristocracy indeed! I'd just as willingly take a back-parlor in Seven Dials! Grimshaw was there."

"Oh! Grimshaw is the Beckingham family-doctor."

"Yes. That's a wonderful girl, he says."

"What girl?" Sir Bryan asks innocently.

"That maid or companion of Mrs. Ffolliott's. Grimshaw says she's the finest nurse he ever had to do with. When he first saw her he said, 'Oh, you are too much of a beauty to look after pills and potions!' But he was pleasantly disappointed. And she has such pretty ways!"

"We think her manners those of a gentlewoman," Sir Bryan said stiffly.

"Oh, you do, do you? I see. Well, Grimshaw wanted to know why she's stopping on at Beckingham now,"

"Because my mother is very unselfish and Dor— Miss Halling is very kind-hearted. My mother misses her very much."

"She fainted away twice to-day, Grimshaw said."

"Dorcas did? Fainted! Is she ill?"

"Anybody would be ill down there. She has done too much as it is. Shall I tell you what he said?"

"Yes, Mr. Barrable."

"He said, 'If Sir Bryan, who has a firm will of his own, doesn't drag that young thing out of Lady Beckingham's clutches, she'll fall ill!' She ought to sleep in a higher air to night—no later than to-night! For, if it's delayed, there'll be more notes between the ladies, more tender-heartedness, more howling from the boy, and all the rest of it.'"

"Oh, very well! Much obliged to you. And you'll excuse me, I am sure, if ——"

"One moment! I wanted to speak to you; are you in a hurry? Oh, shall you go to Beckingham yourself, then, for her?"

"I'm going to fetch her away now."

"Oh, you don't mind? You will demean yourself to that extent?"

"Demean myself? Good heavens, what sort of a snob do you take me for?" the young man cried, with a happy laugh.

Demean himself! Lower his dignity so far as to let the darling of his heart sit beside him! He laughed again; and so did Mr. Barrable, from sheer pleasure; and they separated.

Sir Bryan was not long in getting back to Beckingham, where he arrived—so far as Lady Beckingham was concerned—like a shell from a morter, scattering confusion around.

He is very polite, pleasant, and sympathetic, but very quiet and decided. His mother is not ill—nothing whatever has happened; but he wishes to take Miss Halling back with him. He thinks she has done all she could possibly be expected to do, and his mother requires her services.

Lord Beckingham flushes scarlet. He sees the matter quite in this light.

"To be sure—to be sure! Most indiscreet of us! Good girl—invaluable person Halling. She knows that she may command me. Must take care of Halling, my lady."

"We call her 'Dorcas,'" says Sir Bryan, flushing to the roots of his hair.

"To be sure—to be sure! Much too lovely for a surname! Prettiest woman we ever saw in our lives!"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know how I shall bear my life without her!" cries her ladyship. "Anyhow, she knows that I would at any time give her two hundred a year to be with Wren and myself."

Sir Bryan crimsons again and so does Lord Beckingham; but it is Lord Beckingham who is confused; and Sir Bryan smiles. What is the lady's indiscretion to him? What he is thinking of is whether gold might tempt her to leave them; and then he smiles again, because she will at all events be seated by his side for a drive of nine full miles. He is very glad he is driving the Trooper. That horse has his own little engaging frisky way, but as a rule he is amenable; and, if he were driving that young termagant Norma, a beast that exacts the most undivided attention on the part of her driver, he could not daily and converse, and glance sideways at his beloved.

At this moment Dorcas comes into the room. Lord Beckingham has gone to fetch a letter which he wishes to show to Sir Bryan, and Lady Beckingham has fancied that she heard the voice of her darling from the other wing. Oh, how pale she is, how slender, how delicately lovely! But her eyes are bright.

"Mrs. Ffolliott is not ill, Sir Bryan!" she asks quickly. "If she is wanted, she thinks it must be for some special reason."

"No, Dorcas—no!" Sir Bryan says, smiling a little. "Nothing is wrong—and —— Good evening. How are you?"

"Good evening, sir. How are you?" she says mechanically; then—"Excuse me, sir—why to-night, when I am not ready?"

"Not ready to come to us, when we want you so much!" he says, crestfallen.

The tears rush to her eyes. She is very glad to hear this.

"I am ready—I have been ready, sir, since I came. I meant my—my things."

"Your things will come over to-morrow. Would you like to pack them now? You could do that. And leave out a shawl, Dorcas, for it is cold."

"But, Sir Bryan"—lingering at the door—"might I know how I am going?"

"With me in the dog-cart," he says. "You will not be afraid? I have the Trooper."

"With you?" she cries. "The time when I was afraid was when Mr. Ffolliott brought me from church with Norma in the pony-carriage, and the flower in his button-hole kept falling out, and it was a violent thunderstorm."

He laughs at this reminiscence.

"Norma must have been very much on her best behavior to bring you home at all in such circumstances. She always knows when he has the reins. I will wait for you while you pack your things."

After all, the moon is well up and it is night before they get away.

Lord Beckingham goes into his wife's drawing-room when they are gone, and says—

"Milly, what a marvellous young woman!"

"Didn't she seem to be satisfied? I gave her a lovely ring too."

"Satisfied! Why, look here—she would not take it!"

"Wouldn't take it? Oh, she was shy! You should have let me give it to her. You should have pressed it on her."

"My dear Milly, I attempted something of the sort, but, with perfect good breeding, she took me up, so to speak, between her delicate finger and thumb, and popped me neatly back into my place. And here I am, and there's my cheque!"

"Well, you'd better give it to me," suggests his wife, after a pause.

CHAPTER VIII.

DORCAS and Sir Bryan drive off. He tells her to "hold on tight," for the Trooper always shies at the white post that is just outside the gates; and then he says no more until the Trooper has indulged in his peculiar little antic. Dorcas screams, and clutches frantically at his arm, then instantly recollects herself.

"I beg your pardon, sir!"

"Why? my arm is very much at anybody's service who otherwise might tumble off their seat; and it is particularly at your service, because you—because I—because you are——"

"In your service," she says with a little smile.

"Yes—that's what I meant," he says, smiling too. "When I go driving about with Lord Beckingham—I am his agent, you know—I always catch at his arm when I am nervous. I am his hireling, and he is bound to offer me proper protection; and, in return I ought to do so as he bids me."

"Don't I, sir?" she asks—and her heart begins to beat.

"I am going to try you. You are to clutch at my arm as often as it may be necessary to your equilibrium of body or mind—not because you are a hireling, like I am, but because you are a woman at present in my care—I mean, while you are at Westray."

This is very delightful, this way of talking that borders so closely on the intimately personal.

"Were they kind to you—polite?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, Sir Bryan! Everybody was kind, and everything was pleasant. I think I ought to tell you, sir—Lord Beckingham offered me a check for one hundred pounds."

"Oh, did he? Offered you?"

"I did not take it, Sir Bryan," she says gently. "Lady Beckingham had given me a ring."

He does not speak at once. Presently he turns to her with a smile—

"Rather proud—eh?"

"No, sir. Am I?"

"You are. I am glad you did not take the money; such a service should not have been paid for so. But I am sure he meant kindly."

"Oh, indeed he did! And so many young women would have been glad of the money for their friends, if not for themselves. I have no one who wants help and as for myself, I—I have quiet enough."

Here the Trooper passes a white gate in the hedge, and dances playfully from one side of the road to the other.

"Steady! Come, come now—come!"

The sound of his master's voice calms the agitated Trooper, and he is reassured. But Dorcas has given another scream and another clutch.

"I think if Lord Beckingham had offered to make good the nerve that you have evidently lost in his son's service, it would have been more to the purpose," says Sir Bryan.

"I don't think it's gone for good," says Dorcas, gasping and holding on to the side-rail.

"I'll have Norma put into the pony-carriage, and you shall drive Mrs. Dawson out. How will that do?"

After Dorcas has laughed at this wild idea, the conversation flags. There is not much to say, and both are far too happy to have much self-talk at their command. Presently Dorcas claps her hands and says—

"I can smell the sea!"

Sir Bryan pulls up and sniffs loudly.

"Can you? Well, I suppose you can. There it lies"—pointing with his whip across the fields to the left of them. "And it's only three miles as the crow flies—that hill hides it just here."

Dorcas still sits with her hands clasped together, so silently that presently he says—

"Have you had enough of it?" and looks round at her.

Her face is streaming with tears.

"Why, Dorcas," he cries passionately; but just then the Trooper starts, shivers, kicks, plunges, and Sir Bryan's attention is so effectively engaged that a complete turn is given to the situation.

"He must be dreaming of that white post," Dorcas says, regarding the wrathful Sir Bryan a little askance.

"Very likely. And I woke him up. But I was in no temper, Dorcas."

"No, sir?" she says doubtfully

"I have noticed, he says, as he rubs the back of the still agitated Trooper with the thick part of his whip-lash, "that women are either very cruel to their horses, expecting them to be without idiosyncrasies or temper, or else they are absurdly lenient. How could I let the Trooper behave so without punishing him? And why were you crying?"

"I wasn't, I think, sir."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I see."

"A little weak, sir—that's all—and glad to go back to Mrs. Ffolliott. I long to be back."

"What—now, do you mean?" he queries jealously.

"Oh, no!" she cries. "I don't mean that sir."

"'Sir Bryan,'" he puts in.

"Sir Bryan, this air does me good at every breath."

"Shall we go round by the sea, stand on the edge of the cliff, and get the salt breeze down our throats? It won't be so very far out of the way, and it wont take long; and, as you see, the Trooper is fresh enough for anything."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A KNOTTY POINT.—First Guest—"Hi, waiter, open that window please! I can't stand this heat!"

Waiter—"D'rectly, sir!" Opens the window.

Second Guest, a little later—"Waiter, there's draught enough to give one a death of cold! Do shut the window!"

Waiter—"Yes, sir." Shuts the window.

First Guest—"Water, are you mad? What have you closed the window for? Open it again this minute!"

Waiter—"Very good, sir!" Goes to the Landlord. "One of the gentlemen wants the window open, and the other wants me to shut it. What am I to do sir?"

Landlord—"Do what the gentleman says who hasn't dined yet!"

THE LACING OF SHOES.—The correct way is to put your foot, when you are about to lace your shoe, as much as possible in the heel of the shoe. You can do this best by lacing your shoes with the heel of your shoe resting on a chair standing in front of the one you are seated on.

Bric-a-Brac.

MUSICAL COWS.—Many are the stories told of the influence of music upon animals, but hitherto cows have not been credited with a liking for sweet sounds. The following incident would seem to show, however, that they may be as fond of music as any other dumb creatures. A German band commenced to play on a road bordering a field in which were twelve or thirteen cows. They were quietly grazing at the far end of the field, but directly they heard the music they came towards it, and stood with their heads over the wall listening attentively until the band ceased to play. When the musicians began to move away, the cows followed them closely as they could on the other side of the wall, and when they could go no farther, stood lowing most piteously. Then some of them ran round and round the field in the most excited state, trying in vain to find an outlet, but halting each time at the corner where they had lost sight of the band, as though loth to believe that the sweet sounds had really passed away.

AN ODD WILLOW.—A singular phenomenon is described in a Scotch Journal. A particular species of willow tree was in flower, and attached to these blossoms, which resemble an old-fashioned bottle brush, were a large number of the "big black humble-bees" which every schoolboy is familiar. They remained a whole day sipping the extract or juice, and then dropped helpless to the ground, hardly to move, the next morning were almost dead from exposure. One was observed to climb a vertical board of a few inches, and, when near the top, to throw out his legs, and fall backward, after the manner of the ordinary inebriate.

THE HEN OSTRICH.—Ostrich-farmers in South Africa find that the hen ostrich lays on alternate days, and that, if every second egg is taken away, she will produce twenty to thirty—sometimes as many as sixty eggs. Twenty is the largest number the birds can satisfactorily cover. Each morning and evening the nest is deserted for a quarter of an hour to allow the eggs to cool, which was probably the cause of the old belief that they were left by the parents to be hatched by the sun. As a general rule, the two birds sit alternately, the cock at night, because his superior strength and courage make him a better defender against night marauders. At the end of the six weeks of sitting both birds are in a very enfeebled condition.

CHINESE ECONOMY.—An example of careful calculating economy on the part of the Chinese is the construction of the cooking-pots and boilers, the bottoms of which are as thin as possible, that the contents may boil all the sooner, for fuel is scarce and dear, and consists generally of nothing but the stalks and roots of the crops, which make a rapid blaze and disappear. The business of gathering fuel is committed to children—for one who can do nothing else can at least pick up straws and leaves and weeds. In autumn and winter a vast army of fuel-gatherers spreads ove the land; boys ascend trees and beat them with clubs to make off the leaves; the very straws get no time to show which way the wind blows before they are annexed by some enterprising collector.

THE GREEN CARD.—There is a little green card in use by the Post-office Department that is a terror to some of the more careless letter carriers. It is a terror only when they have once been caught. Very seldom, indeed, are they caught the second time. The card is dropped in a letter box and on it is marked the time it was put in and also the time it should be taken out by the carrier. A record is kept by the chief of the carriers, and if that little card does not turn up with the other mail with which it is due it is clearly to be seen that the carrier has not taken the mail from that particular box. The object, of course, is to test the reliability of the carriers. Where there is any complaint on the part of the citizens about the tardiness of local mails, then a little green card is dropped in one or more boxes in the district from which the complaint comes. Sometimes it shows carelessness on the part of the carrier and sometimes it does not. It is, however, not necessary that there should be complaints, for frequently the cards are put in the boxes of the most efficient men. Of course they are happy when they discover them. But where a box is missed in which there is a green card, then the carrier is bound to get into trouble, and very serious trouble at that. This card has been in use by the Post-office department for a good many years in all parts of the country.

SINGING.

BY FLORENCE A. JONES.

Sing out to the world your gladdest songs,
Old earth has enough of sorrow,
And trouble enough will come to all
With never a need to borrow.
There's not a spot on this big, round earth
For the man who's always sighing,
Whose only song is a mournful dirge
That tells of the dead or dying.

Tell out to the world your happy thoughts,
There's many a one in sadness,
Who will find his only gleam of joy
Reflected from others gladness.
Sing, and the hills will echo your song,
'Twill send the glad notes flying,
For the world will laugh with those who laugh,
But 'twill turn aside from sighing.

A Slandered Memory

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER," "IN SEARCH OF HIM," "WHICH WAS HER DEAREST," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT would you do now?" said Mr. Cumnor, fixing his keen eyes upon his son's tutor. "What would you do with a young lady who had lost her nerve? How would you set to work to cure her? Make her ride, or leave her alone till she got to such a pinch of nervousness that she would be afraid of a horse's tail?"

Ivy raised her face and looked eagerly at Iredell, waiting for an answer. Cuthbert hesitated a few moments, toying with a spoon, and looking rather nervous at being thus suddenly called upon for an opinion; then he said—

"I would never put her on a horse against her will. All the same, if she ever wants to ride again, I think she ought to try now. I would take her out at a foot-pace on a very quiet old nag till she had got over the nervous shrinking which is very natural in the circumstances."

"That's exactly what I should do myself," said the Squire, "if I had a girl that would listen to reason. But what's to be done with a stubborn little vixen like that, who won't hear of anything sensible?"

Cuthbert never knew what prompted him. He was only aware that a pair of beautiful eyes, wide open and pathetic, were turned upon him with tears on their lashes.

"I believe I could overcome your nervousness, Miss Cumnor," he replied,

"I shall be deeply indebted to you by Jove, if you do!" cried the Squire. "But no such luck; she'll be as obstinate as a mule!"

The girl drooped her lids, troubled a little, and the soft rare color suffused her cheeks.

"I'll try to-morrow, papa," she murmured.

"What's that? You'll try to-morrow? Come—that's sensible; that's a good child!" cried the father. "Come here, Ivy, and sit on my knee; it's worth coming home to hear that you're getting back your pluck again! I knew it couldn't last—such a fearless little horsewoman as you always were!"

"But you mustn't be angry," said Ivy to Cuthbert, with appealing eyes, "if I turn coward at the very last moment! I dare say I shall! And you won't scold me, will you?"

"If I am allowed the privilege of trying to help you, I will promise faithfully, not to scold," he replied. "I don't want to frighten you—I want to reassure you."

She looked at him again, almost wistfully, as if for help or encouragement; and, little as he liked her, he could not help returning the look with a friendly and encouraging smile. Her face broke into fresh beauty, he was almost astonished at its loveliness as she smiled back at him.

"I will try," she said simply.

"To-morrow morning, if it's fine enough!" cried Mr. Cumnor gaily. "Roy can cut his fourth declension for once in a way, and go with you."

* * * * * * *

Roy and his tutor stood in the great hall waiting, and the child had called many times for "Sis" when the graceful girl, in her close-fitting dark-blue habit, was seen descending the stairs at last.

Cuthbert looked curiously at Ivy as he saw her again in her riding-dress, and thought how marvellous was the difference a pair of eyes could make in a girl's beauty. Miss Cumnor with her eyes open was a different being from Miss Cumnor with her eyes closed.

She came down stairs slowly, looking pale and nervous. The young man felt a great pity for her; he went towards the foot of the stairs to meet her, and said—

"I thought you had cried off!"

"I did very nearly; I have been sitting in my room ready dressed but afraid to come down."

"What brought you down at last?" he asked with a smile.

That he should smile and that he should question her with some show of interest astonished Ivy.

"Pride brought me down, I think," she answered. "For very shame I could not refuse; I felt such a wretched coward!"

"This morning is to witness a transformation scene," he said. "You go out a trembling maiden, you will return a conquering heroine. Miss Cumnor will be herself again before she sleeps to-night."

He opened the door and they stepped outside. A quiet old horse on which Ivy had learned to ride stood awaiting them, with Roy's little chestnut pony.

She turned to Cuthbert with inquiring eyes.

"Where is your mount?" she said.

"I am not going to ride; I am to have the privilege of holding your bridle-rein."

"But we shall not get far at that rate," she said, half puzzled.

"I don't know what you call far," he answered. "I thought twenty miles or so would do for your first attempt."

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, I am good for twenty miles," he answered placidly; "and I am not going to allow you to go very fast."

"You will be tired to death!" she protested.

"Nothing tires him! You don't know him as I do," said Roy, proud of his tutor.

"When I'm tired, I'll cry for mercy Miss Cumnor," returned Cuthbert. "Now may I assist my pupil to mount?"

The next moment she was in the saddle. It seemed as if he hardly touched her, but he could feel her tremble nervously, and her hand clung to his as if she dreamed being left to herself.

He took the leading-rein, which he had ordered the groom to adjust, and they proceeded quietly down the drive at a foot-pace.

"Put your hand on my shoulder," he said; "and, if you are frightened, I will check him at once."

As they reached the other side of the drive gates, Roy shouted with joy.

"Hurrah! What a jolly day!" he cried. "I am going along the coast road, Sis; it is such a fine road for a gallop!"

"Where you like," she answered; and Roy started off at a brisk trot.

This roused the spirits of Lil, Ivy's sedate old steed; she tossed her head and gave a start forward to follow her companion. Cuthbert felt a nervous hand clutching his shoulder, and checked Lil instantly.

"All right," he said; "I'll keep her quiet."

Ivy was almost crying.

"Oh," she murmured, "what must you think of me? I feel ready to die of shame!"

"I think it is most natural," he answered, "after such a terrible accident as yours."

"It was terrible! One does not think of such things till one is brought face to face with them. As I swept down the hill and saw that pit yawning at the bottom, and knew that I could not check my horse, you cannot imagine what I felt! I remembered everything I had done wrong ever since I was quite a little thing; and then everything was so horribly plain and distinct around me! I had hoped that fright would confuse my senses, but it seemed to sharpen them. I saw almost every blade of grass, and the bits of hard snow here and there on the ledges of the great ditch. I saw the sky, and one big black bird wheeling in the air, and I felt that I should never see the sky or birds any more; and then I saw the rider in front of me clear the gully, and it gave me hope; and in a moment we were hovering in the air, my horse and I, and I remembered quite well feeling a drop of rain fall upon cheek as we rolled down, down; and my life seemed shaken out of me!"

"Don't!" said Cuthbert hoarsely.

"Don't what?" she asked.

"Don't talk like that; it—it is so pitiful! I wonder what that man felt like when he saw you fall?"

"He was very good to me."

"Well he might have been!"

"But it was no fault of his. You seem to blame him!" she said wonderingly.

"I do blame him! He had no right to ride a horse he could not control."

"Oh, but when I called to him it was too late! To check the horse then would have meant certain death!"

"You are very generous, Miss Cumnor!"

"No; but I try to be just."

The simple answer seemed to sting Cuthbert. Was he just—he who was trying to wreck his vengeance upon a girl so innocent, so fair this? He felt as if he could have knelt in the dust at her feet and asked her to forgive him. He glanced almost imploringly at the sweet face above him.

"Then you feel no resentment against that man?" he asked

"Resentment? He saved my life!" she replied, in a wondering tone "The doctors said I should have died but for his care. I have often thought I should like to meet him again."

"Perhaps you will one day," he said in a low tone. "Do you think you should know him?"

"No, I am afraid I should not; I had only a glimpse of his face as he turned to me and said, 'Too late!' He was dark and pale, like you."

"What should you say to him if you met him?" asked Cuthberth.

"I should thank him for saving me. I did not want to die; I was very happy."

Cuthbert wondered if he really could be the fiend who had deliberately desired this girl's death. He could scarcely refrain from raising his eyes to the pure proud little face and confessing all to her.

"I cannot see what he did to be thanked," he returned. "He would have been a perfect cad to ride off and leave you to die in a ditch. Anybody would have done the same."

"Would you?" asked Ivy mischievously.

He looked at her with an expression in his eyes which startled her.

"Yes, Miss Cumnor; bad as I am, I should have acted as he did," he answered.

Roy came galloping back to them.

"Oh, do come on a little faster, you two!" he cried. "It is such a splendid day for a ride!"

They were out on the coast road now. The sea was sparkling in the sunlight; the air had brought the color to Ivy's face.

"Will you try a little pace?" asked Cuthbert.

"Oh, yes!" she cried joyously; and Lil broke into a trot, Cuthbert easily keeping pace with her and only lightly holding the end of the leading-rein.

Very soon Ivy was willing that he should let go of the horse altogether, and that she should take a little excursion on her own account and come back to him.

He stood motionless by the wayside as she came back towards him along the broad white road. Her face was bright with the joy of recovered confidence. She was sitting on her horse firmly and erect, her lips parted in a happy smile.

A strange feeling seemed to well up suddenly in Iredell's breast—a feeling which he could not explain, and which he had never felt before. As he looked on his enemy's daughter, it seemed to him as if she were unlike any woman he had ever seen or known; she was the central object of his life at that moment.

"Oh, I am so grateful to you!" she cried, and she drew bridle at his side. "I shall be grateful to you all my life! I feel quite different from what I did this morning."

"Did I not tell you so?" he returned.

"Yes, indeed! I think you are a magician!"

He did not reply, but stood gazing at her as if dazed. He was looking very handsome himself, for his exercise had given him unusual color.

"Did I say anything wrong?" asked Ivy, feeling rather confused.

"No, indeed!" he answered, rousing himself from his reverie and approaching her horse. "You do not need leading-strings any longer," he said jestingly, as he unbuckled the leading-rein. "Already you pass from my control."

It would have been truer had he said, "already you begin to come under my control;" but neither of them knew that then.

CHAPTER XXI.

CUTHBERT IREDELL sat alone by the fire in the schoolroom. The lamp was lighted, and there was a table covered with books at his elbow; but he was doing nothing but smoke and stare into the fire.

It was after dinner, and, since the return of Mr. Cumnor to Carolside, the tutor had been only too glad to keep up his custom of never joining the family circle in the evening.

Every moment spent in his company intensified his dislike of this man, and it was very apparent that the dislike was mutual. The Squire was never at ease when his son's tutor was in the room; he was nervous and excitable. The very fact of Iredell's presence in the house seemed to have made him more irritable and uncertain in temper than ever.

Cuthbert was perfectly aware of this dislike and its cause; it gave him bitter satisfaction to mark how the Squire would writhe under his gaze if he looked at him at all intently.

There was no doubt that Gervase was ashamed to own his secret dislike, as of course he could assign no reason for it; but Cuthbert was also sure that on the least shadow of an excuse he would receive a prompt dismissal.

He saw it in the Squire's eyes when he would sometimes say something so intentionally insulting as to suggest the idea that it was said for the purpose of making the tutor forget himself.

Cuthbert was quite cool-headed enough to disregard all such attempts as this. He was in the Squire's house, and meant to stay there as long as it suited his purpose to do so.

His power of self control was great, and this gave him an advantage over his ill-tempered and ill-bred adversary. There was only one thing which made his temper rise, and that was to hear, as he often did, Gervase abuse his daughter.

The Grantley Cumnors were accustomed to this; besides, they knew that Gervase could be twice as violent when the Major, who always exercised a certain control over him, was not by.

They could not feel anything like the indignation which took possession of the young man when he heard this so-called gentleman abusing the girl at the dinner-table, apparently for no reason but the necessity of venting his temper on somebody.

Such a scene had occurred that very evening, and it was was of this that Cuthbert was thinking as he sat by the fire. He was recalling the pose of the proud little head, the firm compression of the lips, the pained look in Ivy's great eyes as she bore the brunt of the storm.

As Cuthbert clenched his hands and set his teeth, it dawned upon him that he was begining to hate Gervase Cumnor worse than ever because his cruelty to Ivy. His thirst for revenge was becoming uncontrollable. He experienced that mad desire to stand forth as champion which enters the breast of every noble man when he sees a woman oppressed. He felt now that his one regret in causing the downfall of his enemy would be that his enemy's daughter must share that downfall. If here, in the midst of wealth, Ivy had to endure untold misery from her father's violence, what would her life be if passed in poverty with him? Cuthbert wished that before striking the blow he could see her married to some one worthy of her.

But Raunsleigh? How could he stand by and see her marry such a man? And how short a time since had the idea of so humbling her been very pleasant to him! In his solitude he blushed at the thought of how great a difference a month had made.

Ivy usually joined him and Roy won in their morning ride, Mr. Cumnor having expressed a desire, when he saw the tutor's fine horsemanship, that he would undertake Roy's education in that line. Only that morning Cuthbert had had the pleasure of seeing Ivy take her first leap since her accident.

He had hastily put his own horse to the same fence, joined her, and laid a hand upon her bridle, looking at her with delight and pride. He noticed that she was trembling a little.

"Fine," he exclaimed. "All your presence of mind is coming back to you. You were not afraid, were you?"

"Oh, no!" she answered serenely. "I know I could do it if you said so!"

Cuthbert Iredell, the betrothed of Olive Pierrepoint, was musing over this incident to an extent which might perhaps have aroused the annoyance of that young lady, when one of the servants entered with a letter for him.

He took it mechanically, and let it lie on his knee while he pursued his train of thought a few minutes longer. It was the week after Easter, and the next day was that on which the Major and Mrs. Cumnor and Ivy was to depart to spend a week at Dalilthwayte for the famous tableaux vivants.

It was astonishing what a dreary prospect a week without Ivy in the house seemed to suggest; and over and above that was the dreadful idea of sitting down to dinner tete-a-tete with the Squire, who had steadfastly declined to go and stay in Lord Raunsleigh's house, though he intended to be at the performance and the ball which was to follow it.

With a sigh, Cuthbert at last broke the seal of his letter, which was from Miss Pierrepoint, enclosing one from his mother. As in duty bound, he opened his lady-love's missive first.

"THE NUNNERY."

"Heigh ho, my dear Cuthbert, I am getting so unmitigatedly bored in your absence! If ever there was a weary, dreary spot in this sleepy England, it is Little Marchfield. There is but one method of enlivening one's existence here—flirtation; and, as I have cut myself off from that by my weakness in engaging myself to you, what am I to do? Seriously, my friend, if you will persist in absenting yourself in this manner, you must not wonder if I amuse myself in your absence. Are you not coming back? Are you not tired of playing at being a tutor? Indeed I thought a week would have been more than enough to make you weary of your romantic project; and, after all, what are you there for? To find out the murderer of a man who has been dead five-and-twenty years! When you were with me, such was the force of your own conviction that you quite inspired me with the belief that you were undertaking a necessary work; but, now that you are not here to convince me, I confess that I really can't see what you are about. I believe the truth of the whole matter is that you are in love with the little carroty Miss Cumnor—you could not remain at your gruesome post for any other cause. And you don't reflect how awkward it is for me to account for such a prolonged absence on your part. The fictions I have to invent daily on the subject I am charging to you—and I hope they will lie heavy on your conscience. As far as I can see, all you have done since you went to Caroleide has been to copy the inscriptions on two gravestones and to meet a scoundrel whom you very properly knocked down. Also you have been restoring confidence to a nervous young lady. All these are very laudable pursuits; but couldn't you do the same sort of thing elsewhere? It seems a little hard that you should sacrifice your youth and mine to a romantic idea. Do come home and decide that the thing is hopeless, as indeed you must see it is! I think, as a desperate resource, I will make you jealous. Sir Charles Mauleverer has called here three times this week! Your mother says that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and that the Phelpses would be furious if they knew. I expect they would, so I am going to call on them this afternoon and casually mention it. He will have a bad time when next he visits his Janet. He is always pestering me to know where you are and what you are doing. You must put in an appearance, or I shall grow desperate. Do bury that odious black book with the brass corners, and write some sense to.

Your very discontented,

"OLIVE."

Cuthbert perused this letter gravely, and, when he had finished it, he heaved a deep sigh. It was by no means the first epistle he had received in the same strain, and he could not conceal from himself the fact that his future wife was thoroughly out of sympathy with him—his hopes and aims were nothing to her.

It was he who must accommodate his life to her desires, not she who would help him in his efforts. Did she want him to go back to Little Marchfield, marry her, and settle down to live upon her income? The thought was repugnant to him.

Moreover, of late he had had glimmerings of the fact that Olive desired to be married chiefly, if not entirely, to spite Sir Charles. He had a disagreeable feeling of having been made a tool of. Against that notion his pride rose in furious revolt.

Leaning his cheek on his hand, he pictured to himself how Ivy would have acted in the circumstances, and imagined how the tears would have welled up in the violet eyes at the story of his wrongs.

"'A heart at leisure from itself,'" he muttered. "That is what Olive Pierrepoint, with all her beauty and all her charm, has not to offer me. Why should I expect it of any woman? But am I prepared to give up all my plans and become Olive's slave? I do not think so. Is it my duty? She is my betrothed wife. No, I cannot believe it is my duty. When I engaged myself to her, it was under an express condition. If she now resents that condition, can I help it? I warned her that she could not be my first thought until I had unravelled the mystery of my father's fate. I must write again and tell her so. Meanwhile what she says is true—I am trifling with my time. I must hasten the accomplishment of my ends. Now to see what my mother says."

He opened the pink scented envelope and eagerly scanned its contents.

"MY OWN DEAR BOY:—I have really no information to give you which you have not already had on the subject of your father. He was very reticent; had he trusted me as a man should trust his wife, things would never have ended in such a terrible tragedy. I know that Mary Iredell, who was buried in the churchyard, was his mother, for he often placed fresh flowers upon her grave. He told me once that she was a deeply-wronged woman, and that she died of a broken heart. I don't think it ever occurred to me to ask any more questions; and I cannot see what she can have to do with your present inquiry. I have been thinking it over and talking it over with Olive, my dear Cuthbert, and we are both agreed that you had better give it up. You really have, as Olive says, quite a mania on the subject; and it is all of no use. Besides, I doubt if you could prove your own identity, for Gervase Cumnor thinks you are dead. I may as well tell you frankly, now that all is so long past and gone, that I fully expected he would marry me—of course after a proper interval had elapsed—and I thought he had treated me very badly, and I felt very resentful. After allowing me to go away alone, and offering to provide for you. I was in such a range that I would have sooner died than accept a penny then; so I wrote and told him you were dead—you had been almost dead with whooping-cough, so it was very nearly true. I hope this will make you realise what a wild-goose chase you are on, and induce you to come back to poor Olive, who is restless and unhappy without you. A word of warning—it's not quite safe to leave such a very attractive young woman so long to her own devices. Take care you are not supplanted. Hoping very much that you will act on these suggestions.

"Always, my darling Boy, your
devoted Mother,
"GRACE IREDELL."

Cuthbert's lip curled in bitter scorn as he crushed this characteristic epistle in his strong fingers.

"There is nothing in all this world so hopelessly baffling as an utterly frivolous woman," he muttered. "I had been 'almost dead with whooping cough,' so her lie was 'very nearly true.' Very nearly true! Ye gods, it is incomprehensible that a beautiful woman like my mother should have have a contemptible mind! Well, good-bye to help from that quarter! I must help myself. As to my being persuaded by that letter to give up my life's object, even my mother might know me well enough to be sure that it would only render me more determined."

Turning to the small table near him, he seized a pen and wrote to Olive.

"At the risk of making you believe that my love for you is weak, I write to tell you that I cannot abandon my present career; but you can never think so basely of me as that. You will remember the terms of our engagement; I warned you that I was a man with a serious object in life. I think I told you also that I am not a man to stop half-way in the completion of my purpose. My mother hints that my staying away is dangerous, as you may be led to amuse yourself with others.

"I need hardly tell you that my mind can entertain no such insult to yourself. I trust you perfectly as the least return I can make for the generous love you accord to one who has done nothing to deserve so high a privilege. Perhaps you are only trying me. You would hardly be able to expect constancy in love from one who was inconstant in war! It is for you therefore to decide between liberty to choose afresh from the crowd of your vassals and an engagement to a man without prospects and with a dishonored name—a man who cannot offer you even himself until he has cleared his father's name."

Yours sadly and in doubt,
"CUTHBERT W. IREDELL."

CHAPTER XXII.

IN A LARGE cheerful sitting-room with three long windows facing south, among a pile of gorgeous draperies, tinsel armor, artificial flowers, and silver spangles, sat Ivy Cumnor.

It was a wet day, and the rain was dashing against the window-panes; but the weather was not heeded in the least by the house-party at Dalilithwayte, all of whom were absorbed in the mysteries of tableaux vivants.

On the floor at Ivy's feet knelt Seton Lovell, the celebrated Academician—a man of about five-and-forty, with dark handsome face, hooked nose, and pointed black beard. Lord Raunsleigh, with folded arms, leaned over the back of Ivy's sofa, and about a dozen young men and girls were grouped about the room, Mrs. Seton Lovell and Agnes Cumnor being seated near the fire with their knitting.

"It would be a splendid and novel idea," Mr. Seton Lovell was saying; "but there is no one here with a physique that would do for Adam Bede."

"Adam Bede! Are you planning a tableau from Adam Bede?" asked Agnes.

"Yes. We want to have Dinah preaching from the cart—Miss Cumnor will make an exquisite Dinah—and of course we must have Adam Bede in the foreground."

"Is this not taking a slight liberty with the tale?" questioned Agnes. "Surely it was Seth, not Adam, who went to hear the preaching?"

"An artistic licence," said the Academician. "Adam was the hero; we must have him, if we can find any one capable of representing him."

"I know who would make an excellent Adam Bede," suggested Lord Raunsleigh.

"Who is that?" asked Ivy, turning up her face to him.

"Roy's tutor."

"Mr. Walrond? So he would; I am afraid he will not do it though," she said.

"Why are you afraid he won't do it?"

"He is so very reserved; he hardly ever takes part in anything. I scarcely saw him, except at meals, till I took to riding with him and Roy."

"There is nothing like asking," remarked his lordship.

"He might do it for you, as you are such an old friend," suggested Ivy.

"I shall try at all events," replied his lordship.

Raunsleigh was acting on the plan of being markedly civil to Iredell, and it occurred to him that it would greatly flatter the tutor to be pressed into the service of the company. He left his station at the back of Ivy's sofa and walked to the window.

"It is going to clear up," he said. "Suppose we drive over to Caroleide this afternoon and surprise him? He could not refuse if you asked him."

"Take me with you," pleaded Mr. Seton Lovell. "I should like to judge myself of his fitness for the part."

"Very good," agreed his lordship, delighted. "I will order the trap for half-past two."

"Better say two—then we shall catch him before he takes his walk with Roy," said Ivy.

She had been separated from Mr. Walrond only two days, yet already her heart was beating wildly at the thought of seeing him again. The knowedge of her weakness made her ready to burst into tears.

Never in her life had she felt so humiliated: never before had she experienced the slightest difficulty in controlling her feelings.

Already she had dismissed three suitors for her hand with perfect self-possession and merely a passing regret for their disappointment; and now here was this man who had, so far from making love to her, barely offered her customary civility—a man who pointedly avoided her society, who would pass her in hall or corridor with a grave bow, who never wasted even a tender look upon her—this man had power to bring the lovely color to her pale cheeks, to chase away all her calm and self-possession.

What he told her to do, that would she do, as if her life depended on it; if a dozen people spoke in the room she listened only to him; when the door opened to admit him, her heart beat faster, when it closed behind him, it was as if the sun had become obscured by clouds.

What was she to do? she asked herself as she went to her own room, after a hasty luncheon, to prepare for her drive.

Her bed-room and dressing-room were bowers of luxury; no lady in the house was such a favored guest or had so much attention bestowed upon her as Miss Cumnor. The exquisite odor of Neapolitan violets delighted her as she entered. A basketful of fresh blossoms was placed daily upon her table.

Sitting down by the fire, she leaned her chin on her hand and indulged in a few minutes' reverie.

It was impossible to understand Lord Raunsleigh's intentions; he was far too recklessly in love to be able to disguise his feelings. Any day, any minute might bring the declaration.

What did she mean to say to him? She knew by the delighted acquiescence of her father, of Grantley and Agnes, how excellent a match they thought it likely to be. She knew that the Dalilithwayte estates adjoined Caroleide and that his lordship was the "catch" of the county; but it was possible for Edmund, Lord Raunsleigh, to come and go without bringing one quickened throb to her pulses. He was nothing to her.

Was it honest, Ivy asked herself in terrible perplexity, to accept his lavish attentions, to come and stay in his house, when she fully intended that her answer should be "No"? She did not absolutely dislike him—had he not wished to marry her, she might have liked him very well; but between him and her there rose constantly the thought of Walrond; and, with a painful sense of humiliation, Ivy realised that no other man could ever be to her what this tutor was, although he would never ask for her love. It was hopeless—so hopeless as to be absurd! She marry her brother's tutor? Even if it were possible that he could ever love her, he would never dare to mention his love.

"Is there then naught for me,
But a sorrow that grows and grows?"

she asked herself piteously. Yes—there was one means of escape. Marry Lord Raunsleigh! He was rich—he adored her—he would take her away from this man whose very presence was a dangerous delight to her. She could never marry Walrond; she could never love any man but him; she would marry her lover and forget the man she loved.

In the impulse of the moment Ivy fastened some of the Neapolitan violets in the button-hole of her driving-coat and went down stairs. Lord Raunsleigh, waiting for her in the hall, fixed his eyes longingly upon the graceful girl as she advanced slowly towards him. She wore a dark-brown cloth coat reaching to her feet, a felt hat to match, with shaded brown plumes, and a long boa of feathery brown fur. He thought of the time when she would be mistress there, when any day he might see her so descending the stairs of her home. There was no thought in his heart for Bessie Lee, the girl who had loved him and endured poverty and contempt for his sake.

His past was done with; he looked only to the enticing future. As Ivy drew nearer he noticed the violets she wore, and they seemed to give the finishing touch to his happiness.

"Oh," he began, "if you only knew——" But at that moment Seton Lovell crossed the hall, and his lordship concluded somewhat lamely, "How becoming those violets are!"

"Are they? I can easily ascertain the effect by looking in the glass," she said lightly, and crossed the hall to a mirror.

"Is she not exquisite?" he asked of the artist in a low tone.

"Yes; I admire her extremely. Such a very uncommon style! I should like to paint her."

"You shall," began Raunsleigh impetuously; then, checking himself, with a confused laugh—"that is, if all goes well—you shall paint her full-length this very summer."

"I am sure, then, I wish you success with all my heart!" returned his friend, laughing.

That afternoon Cuthbert Iredell was walking alone along the coast road in the direction of Salome Thurkill's cottage.

Roy was out with his father; and an incident which had occurred that morning had suggested to the tutor a way of employing the afternoon. At breakfast Roy had announced—

"I went to see Salome yesterday, papa; and what do you think she told me?"

"Some nonsense, I'll be bound," responded Mr. Cumnor.

"She told me that a lot of people had heard a church bell ringing under the sea, and that that was a bad omen for the Cumnors. I asked Mr. Walrond what an omen was, and he says it's a sort of warning, under the sea, papa?"

The Squire's brow had suddenly darkened.

"That confounded old hag again!" he exclaimed furiously. "Always at it, one way or another! If there is an intolerable nuisance on the face of this earth, it is an old servant! How dare Salome fill your head with such notions?"

"Mr. Walrond heard the bell," persisted Roy—"he and cousin Grantley heard it—and Mr. Walrond says that it's nonsense about an omen; he says the waves move the bell when the wind blows them against it."

The Squire turned a strangely relieved face to Cuthbert.

"Not at all," returned the tutor calmly. "I think the bell-ringing is very easily accounted for. If I were you, I would quiet the rustic tongues by fishing the bell up out of the water, and so making it impossible for it to ring."

"Oh," said the Squire in a hesitating way, "I don't think it's worth all that trouble and expense! The wretched thing sounds only about once in forty years."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I SHOULD like to make for myself a name that would be known all over the world." "That's easy enough. Get the Legislature to call you John Smith."

STARS.

BY SHIRLEY WYVER.

Stars in the purple chambers of the sky,
Trembling and faint, points in the windless air,
Of many-colored flame—they look on high,
Bright blue as night falls, ruby-like, everywhere.

Stars in the darkness where the jasmine waves
Its delicate sprays against the mossy wall,
While scented blooms that shimmer and the leaves,
And in the silence, fluttering earthward, fall.

Stars here beside the gleam of stone-cut bee
That guards the alleys of the garden sweet,
Clusters of stars, the lavender-tinted pink,
And single asters—stars where all blow most.

The Fog Signal.

BY C. M. L.

IT WAS bitter cold weather: not the sort one would choose for travelling if one had the choice; but with me there was none. I had recently obtained an appointment in one of our Eastern Counties, and three weeks only were given me to purchase my outfit and bid farewell to my friends.

And so it came about that on February 28, 187—, I was on the platform at Cambridge station, waiting for the whistle of the guard before taking my seat in a train about to start northward. My proposed circuit was no small one—Surrey, Suffolk, Cambridge, Yorkshire, Somerset, Bucks and London—and the greater part of this had to be 'done.'

A kind aunt in Suffolk had persuaded me that I must stay one day more, and her will had insisted upon half a day being given to the lions of Cambridge, and so I was already a day and a half behind time.

The train was about to start and I took my seat, following my usual practice when making long journeys of travelling third class.

Looking through a daily paper to 'skim the news,' I suddenly sprang from my seat with a long 'whew!' which startled my cousin who was standing at the carriage door. 'Look at that,' I said, as I passed the paper in his hands and flew off to another part of the station. 'Late clear to day!' I said to the guard as I passed. 'All right, sir.' 'Keep us half a minute then, I want to wire a message.' 'There's still a minute, he said, and on I sped.

"All safe and well, starting northward; was not a passenger by the wrecked train," was the message I scribbled off, and, throwing down a half-crown to the telegraph clerk, I begged him to send my message at once and keep the change.

"A frightful accident," said my cousin as I returned, panting for breath: 'but what is the meaning of all this excitement?'

"Look at the place," I said, 'and look at the time of the accident. Don't you see that Bridgetown is the next station on this line, and the train that was wrecked yesterday was the very one I had arranged to travel by before your mother persuaded me to stay?'

"By Jove! so it is: what a providential escape! Well, good-bye, old fellow," he added as the train began to move, 'no accidents to-day, I hope, and a pleasant voyage afterwards."

"Thanks!" I cried. 'Good-bye, Geoffrey. Good-bye, Leonard; send a line to my mother to explain my telegram.'

And so I was off again, alone with my newspaper and my thoughts, and certainly I had ample food for reflection, and ample grounds for thankfulness.

What a mere chance it seemed! My whole trip had been so carefully mapped out, my time at each place fixed to a minute, and what a trifling circumstance had made all the change.

Jessie is coming to-morrow, you must stop and see her. And who was Jessie, that I should care to upset my plans? A remote cousin whom I had never seen, old fashioned and quaint, and not one to attract a young man who was barely out of his teens.

No, it was not, Jessie, but it was the warm heart of those who begged me to stay that tempted me to delay a parting which would be a sad grief to me. 'Eighteen killed and thirty-seven wounded, many seriously,' was the heading of the telegram in the paper.

What if I had been one of the eighteen, or even of the thirty-seven? What, then, of the proudly young man who kept whispering to himself, 'a civil servant of the Crown?' Looking out of the window I found we had just reached the very spot where the accident took place.

Two masses of contorted iron, one on top of the other, represented what yesterday had been two magnificent engines; a tender here, a pair of wheels there, and all other the place splinters and fragments were all that remained of the two passenger trains, which had thirty hours before met in fatal embrace.

Gangs of laborers were clearing away the debris and spreading fresh ballast on the permanent way. And then I thought of the mangled forms in the hospitals, of the torture and groans of the injured. Why should they suffer and escape?

Yet on we sped. The business of this world cannot be stopped because a few are killed and a few more are wounded: an inquest will be held, a policeman blamed, and then all will be forgotten.

The snow fell steadily on, and over the wide expanse of the Eastern Counties there seemed nothing to break the dead white pall which overspread the whole country; now and then, but at rare intervals a hamlet appeared, a church steeple surrounded by a few clustering cottages: but even here there was no life, all seemed hushed and dead, all animation was crushed out by the weight of that mass of snow.

A deep melancholy fell upon me: I tried to read, but could not concentrate my thoughts. My mind kept harping upon that scene of pain and anguish. What if I had been there? And as the short day began to close, my mind seemed more and more on the rack: all my railway experiences of the last few years passed in review before my eyes.

For four long years I had travelled by train day after day. What a fearful scene that was outside Cannon street when I saw one inward train crash through the centre of one starting out!

What was my feeling when, five minutes later, the following train brought my sister safely up from the country! Or, think of that evening at Croydon, when a rasping, grating sound followed by thump and bump showed that our train had left the rails and was bedded deep in the ballast, and before we had time to move from our seats with a whistle and a screech the Brighton express swooped by, carrying away our footboards and door-handles. Only last Whit Monday, when the train was crowded with sightseers and holiday folk, the carriage in front of mine was overturned in shunting, while my own was merely tilted, but held up from falling by the strength of the couplings.

These and a dozen other narrow escapes came trooping through my mind while the bitter cold began to cut into my very bones, and to make me regret that I had abandoned the comforts of a first-class carriage and the delights of foot-warmers.

Buttoning up my inner round the throat, and wrapping a travelling rug over my legs, I thought to defy the cold—but no, it seemed hopeless. The train kept stopping on the line, there was no light in the lamp, no comfort in the hard seats, and it seemed as if everything added to the misery.

"I hope to goodness we are not going to be snowed up," I meditated as the night crept on and we seemed to make little or no progress. 'I wonder where we can be? it seemed a long time since we last passed a station.' Then up we pulled again.

"I must see what's up," I thought. Perhaps a little walk will increase the circulation of my blood. Well, here's a pretty kettle of fish!' I said to myself as I dropped down from the footboard and found myself knee deep in the snow. This looks cheerful: well, never mind! there's one comfort, for we are not likely to be snowed up, as there's a train ahead which must enter the drifts before us," for there, a hundred yards ahead, appeared the lights of another train.

"Let's take a turn," said I, thinking aloud; "we cannot go on till she goes on. Hollos, guard, this is cheerful: lend us your lamp and let's see the time. By Jove! it's half past seven, and we are not at Doncaster yet. I wonder what time we shall get to Goole? we're due there now."

"No knowing, sir," said the guard. "All the trains will be out of joint in a day like this; but it's mortal cold, sir."

"I just think it is, and I feel as if a good hot drink would do us both a lot of good: but where is it to be had? There's no station for miles, and I'm just freezing."

"Thank ye sir," said the guard: but if you could give us a bit of beccy it will do me just as much good. I allus tells my missus it keeps the cold air from my throat.

"There's my pouch,' I said, handing over my tobacco. It won't be as strong as you like, but you can take as much as you want.

And then a happy thought struck me. As I was leaving Bury St. Edmunds my aunt had insisted on my taking away a small basket. 'You're sure to get hungry,' she said, 'before seven o'clock, and I always find a sandwich saves me from headache.'

And so I returned to my carriage. Yes, there it was, just where Leonard had put it in the dark corner. 'Only a sandwich,' I had been told, but there seemed a mountain of sandwiches, and then there were hard-boiled eggs, and biscuits and, dainty wrapped up in paper, some delicious looking jam puffs!

How hungry I felt! why had I not felt so before? And then at the bottom of the basket appeared a bottle of sherry, some water, and oh, what thoughtfulness! a pint of cherry brandy.

"Hey, guard!" I shouted, as I saw him solemnly puffing away outside. 'Look here, don't you feel hungry? And what do you say to this cherry brandy, eh? Come along, let's set to work before that old train moves on.'

"I daren't sir, I daren't: much obliged all the same."

"Oh, come along; you can sit on the footboard if you are afraid to come in."

And so we were soon on a footing of good friendship: first a nip of cherry brandy to warm our insides, and then a good feed of sandwiches, to be followed up again by something warm.

Suddenly my old thought came back. 'Just fancy, if an express came dashing into us behind. Wouldn't that bottle go flying! Would I go flying, perhaps? or wouldn't my head go flying on one side and my legs on another?

And soon my thoughts were put into words. Have you any idea where we are? I asked.

"Not the least," said the guard, munching quietly away.

"And what time is the next train due?"

"Oh, that's all safe enough," he said, 'There ain't another for two hours after us at Doncaster.

"But you forget that we are now two and a half hours late, and we are not there yet."

"What's the use of signals?" he said somewhat sullenly. She can't come on till the line's signalled clear.

It was very evident he did not like any interference. He had long been accustomed to the daily routine: nothing had gone wrong all the twenty-three years that he had served as guard, and why should things go wrong now? But my thoughts would give me no rest.

During the long afternoon my mind had been in the greatest state of tension, and the whole position came before me so forcibly that I could not keep still.

"Look here," I said, attacking the guard again, "you said just now you had no idea whereabout we are. Did you see that last signal box?"

"I can't say as I did," he said: "you see the night's as black as pitch: the mist is so thick ye can't see five yards, and the snow itself is just blinding."

"Then what on earth is there to stop the express, which you say is already overdue? Supposing she does not see the signals; what then?"

"Oh, she's all right," he said impatiently; if we are delayed she'll be delayed, and if we're sharp she'll be sharp, and then he took a long gulp at the cup of sherry and water, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand as if to say, "Well, that's all done, worse luck!"

"Well, I don't like it," I said. "Here we are stranded, unable to go forward because there's a train in front, and there's a train behind which may be on us any moment."

"Never mind her, she's all right," he repeated; but I was not to be repressed.

"Here," I said, handing him the cherry brandy, "take another nip of this to warm you inside, light up your pipe, and come down to your van."

"Now," I said, "I want three fog signals."

"What for?" said the guard in apparent astonishment. "If you'd been on the line as long as I have——"

"I've had some experience of travelling myself," I said, "and many's the time I've seen the usefulness of fog signals."

"It's more nor my place is worth——"

"Never mind that," I said. "If the express comes the signals will stop her; if she doesn't come I'll bring back the signals."

"Well, you won't split?" he commenced as he fumbled in a box and reluctantly handed out the three innocent looking discs.

I did not stop to listen when once I had got them in my hands. "Give us a long whistle before you start and keep on the brakes till I come up!" I shouted, and the last thing I heard was a second grumble:

"It's more nor my place is worth."

Never in my life can I recall any excitement like that of that moment: the presentiment grew stronger every instant. "The express is coming." I even fancied that I heard the distant rumble, and stopped to listen, but could hear nothing but the wind whistling in the telegraph wires. "The express is coming," seemed to din in my ears as I stumbled through the deep snow. 'I could swear I heard it then," I said to myself as I stopped again.

I believe I do, and yet it must be imagination. I strained my eyes through the mist and snow. 'Surely those are the lights,' I thought, 'of a coming train. Yes, they are, they are!' I almost shrieked as I sped on, and then I thought it was only a wild night-mareish dream.

It must be that cherry brandy, I thought, working on a fevered brain, but no! my senses are clear, I hear distinctly the rumbling sound, I seem to feel the vibration, I see quite clearly those enormous eyes growing larger and larger!

My brain began to swim, as I found myself fast in the snow; I could go no further, and could scarcely move an inch. It was 'now or never!' A steady nerve and steady hand was the object of a momentary but fervent prayer, and then 'one—two—three,' and a pause.

No. 3 did not look quite straight and I gave it a touch with the point of my umbrella, when down with a roar crashed the dreadful-looking monster, showering me with steam and flakes as it floundered through the snow. 'Bang! bang! bang!' I counted the reports. 'Thank God! it's all right, I trust,' and as I spoke I lost my balance and rolled down the embankment.

I must have been a few seconds in that awkward predicament, for when I looked round no trace could be seen of the train or its lights: and yet I fancied I heard the hissing of the steam as the engines were reversed, and then the squeak and the grating of the brakes pressed down; and surely that was a dull crash which I heard in the distant fog.

The snow in my mouth and down my neck soon brought me to my senses; and, to my delight, I found the nervous fit had passed away, and I could remember all as clearly as possible.

I started off in pursuit, and soon reached the spot where the trains were standing. There they stood, actually touching each other, engine touching guard's van, buffer pressed against buffer.

No mischief had evidently been done, and near the engine of the express a warm discussion was going on between the engine driver, the stoker, and the guards.

I seemed to pass unseen, as I had followed a path below the embankment instead of regaining the permanent way, and as I passed below I heard the guard exclaim in an excited tone, 'I tell you I put out no signals, it's God's mercy we are saved and nothing else!' And as he spoke the engine driver of our train signalled for a start.

A long shrill whistle showed that the guard had not forgotten his promise, and also that he had not seen me pass below.

I was soon in my carriage, and feeling the grinding of the brake, I called out, 'It's all right, guard, take off the brake,' but all I could hear in reply was, 'It's God's mercy we are safe!'

The poor fellow seemed utterly dazed, and, looking out of the window, I could see him near the door of his van apparently talking to himself or saying his prayers.

Farther on, I saw the guard of the express carefully searching the line, probably looking for fragments of the exploded fog signals, and then for the first time it flashed across my mind that my umbrella was gone.

I remembered that I was using it to poke one of the signals on the line as the train dashed up: if my umbrella was found, this would give the man a clue.

And then began the old misery again. The snow had gone down my neck and up my sleeves, up my trouser-legs and through every aperture, possible or impossible: my feet were numb with cold, I was wet through and through, and, to make matters worse, it was pitch dark. Using my vestas as sparingly as I could, I found in my bag a change of clothing and slowly began to change my dripping clothes for others warm and dry; and then, with another nip at the cherry brandy, I tried to compose myself under my rug. But no! my thoughts would give me no peace.

What could the guard mean by saying 'it was more than his place was worth?' Why had he apparently persisted in mystifying the guard and engine driver of the express? And then I seemed to hear over the rumble of the train, 'It's God's mercy we're saved—it's God's mercy we're saved.'

I lit my pipe and sought consolation from that. Surely the old fiend will

soothe my nerves, I thought; but no! the light in the bowl reminded me of those horrid red lights getting larger and larger, and the nightmare seemed to grow more and more unpleasant.

Our train again came to a standstill, and I looked out again; there was that wretched old train in front. I looked behind, but could see no more of the express, and as I listened I seemed to hear the words borne on the wind, 'It's more than my place is worth, but it's God's mercy we are safe.' We soon moved off again, but travelled slowly on, and then I heard a shrill whistle behind.

Yes, there she was looking as grim as before, with two great staring lamps lighting up the darkness and casting their rays on the steam and mist in front.

But now the dear old friend (my pipe) had shown its soothing power, and those lights conveyed no longer any horror to my mind.

We're safe enough now, I muttered; 'they know we're here, and we know they're there,' and in a few minutes more the welcome lights of Doncaster appeared.

Rolling up my rugs, I prepared to leave the train, when an idea flashed across my mind that there might be an inquiry about the fog signals; and then came back the plaintive sound, 'It's more than my place is worth.'

Slipping out, therefore, on the wrong side of the train, I walked hurriedly along the line till I left the station lights behind, and, returning on a different platform, inquired for the Hull train.

"Just starting, sir, look sharp," said the porter, 'there she is on t'other side of the platform.'

A small tip to the porter with an intimation that my portmanteau was labelled 'Goole,' sent him flying through the crowd, while I took my seat, and on the very next line I saw the express slowly drawing up.

In another minute there was evidently much excitement on the platform. A station inspector was trying to listen to one at a time, but above the sound of many voices I heard incessantly, I didn't do it, I swear I didn't, but it's God's mercy we are safe! Presently the babel ceased, and I heard the guard's voice again: "If you don't believe me, sir, there's a gentleman here as will swear I never left the train."

Hastening to my quondam compartment they found the bird had flown, and the only corroboration the poor man had was the empty basket which I had forgotten and half a bottle of sherry.

I heard no more, for my train rolled out of the station and another two hours found me at my destination, which I reached at one o'clock in the morning.

A short paragraph in the paper told me two days later that the matter had been a source of wonder to the officials. The guard was at the time supposed to be drunk, but as he continued next day to repeat 'It's God's mercy we're saved,' it was feared that his mind must have been affected by the shock.

An umbrella broken to pieces had been found lying across the line, but no trace of the owner could be gleaned.

The evidence, however, of the driver, the stoker, and the front guard, showed conclusively that a frightful disaster had been averted and many lives saved by the intelligent use of Fog Signals.

PROFESSIONAL FEES.

ENTERTAINMENTS and others whose services are engaged for private parties are frequently amused at the manner in which their host or hostess hands to them their honorarium.

"Sometimes," says a well-known society favorite, "the hostess will thank me profusely, and, in shaking hands, squeeze the little envelope into my palm. Some ladies will say, loudly, 'Good-bye, and thank you so much.' Then, softly, 'I will write you to-morrow.' Some ladies will whisper, mysteriously, 'You will hear from my husband to-morrow!' This, at first, sounds rather awful; but the husband's communication is pleasant and most welcome."

Other well known entertainers tell stories to the same effect, and one and all express surprise at the amount of secrecy or diffidence that is displayed in paying to them their fees.

The explanation is simple. Hosts and hostesses have become so accustomed to the etiquette respecting the fees of the learned professions that they think the members of other professions object to be seen taking honorariums, or do not care to let it be generally known that they do so.

There is, of course, even now, a good deal of superlative affectation about this matter of professional fees, though much has been swept away during comparatively recent years.

The sort of feeling that once obtained at the Bar is evident from a curious survival. Behind a junior barrister's gown of the present day may be seen a little wallet, somewhat triangular in shape, about eight or nine inches in length, and divided by a slit at the bottom into two compartments, one of which is open and the other enclosed, and capable of holding money or small articles.

This wallet was originally intended for the reception of fees; for although members of the Bar were always supposed to do their work for nothing, a client might slip an honorarium into the little pocket without in the slightest degree ruffling the susceptibilities, or offending the dignity, of a learned counsellor.

Contrast this surefine delicacy with the conduct of Lord Keeper Guildford at that period of his life when he was pleading at the Bar.

Fees flowed in upon him so fast that he hardly knew how to dispose of them. "At one time," says his biographer, "he had a fancy, for his health, to wear a sort of nightcap. He now routed out three of these, which he placed on the table before him, and into these he distributed the coin as it was paid him. One had the gold, another the crowns and half crowns, and another the smaller money."

Guildford seems to have taken the money with his own hands; nowadays a barrister leaves that matter to his clerk.

In the late years, too, it came to be against professional etiquette to take silver from a client. When Serjeant Davy was called to account at the circuit mess for this offence, he replied, "I took silver because I could not get gold, but I took every farthing the fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession!"

Lord Mansfield, so far from having any delicacy about taking a fee, was wont to assert that a lawyer never does well without one.

Feeling this influence upon him, when about to attend to some professional business of his own, he took some guineas out of a purse and put them in his waistcoat pocket, so as to keep up the real professional stimulus!

From a very early age, the fee of the physician, like that of the lawyer, has been regarded as a voluntary offering.

"Madam," said a medico of the old school to a convalescent lady, who had asked him what his fee was for restoring her to health —"madam, we physicians charge nothing!" "Then," said the lady, "I have to thank you, and to wish you good morning."

With this, she swept from the room, to the no little surprise of her medical adviser, who was completely taken aback. We find, however, that, at an early period in England, a doctor expected his palm to be crossed with gold if his patient were a man of condition; while, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the recognized fee was ten shillings, and, soon afterwards, a jump was made to double that sum, with another shilling, to make up the even guinea.

On this point, the physicians of to-day are rather particular. The late Sir James Clark, having been tendered a sovereign by a female leader of society, promptly put on his eyeglasses, and began looking about the floor. "What have you lost, Sir James?" inquired the titled lady. "I was looking for the shilling you dropped, your grace," replied the angry doctor. The lady blushingly produced the shilling from her purse.

"We surgeons do things by guineas," said a hospital surgeon to a visitor who put down a sovereign.

The patient—an irritable old gentleman—attempted to argue the question, asserting vehemently that he regarded "that shilling" as sheer humbug. 'Twas all in vain; the surgeon was unmoved.

Eventually rather than pay the shilling, the old gentleman gave the doctor another sovereign; and thenceforth, as long as he had occasion to consult him, cheerfully put down £2 instead of the usual guinea.

For many years, it was considered the "correct thing" to enclose the guinea or two guineas in thin paper, and hand the little parcel to the doctor on leaving.

Lately, however, many physicians prefer to have the money placed on the table in a conspicuous position. The reason for this change is that, occasionally, the neat piece of paper has been found to contain (by mistake, of course) two shillings, or even two farthings.

In at least one instance of this sort, the accident was peculiarly advantageous to the hall porter, since he was rewarded by one guinea and the doctor by two shillings!

Some ingenious patients do not leave even two farthings behind them; they forget the fee altogether. An eminent French physician had several regular visitors of this character; but they were always reminded by the hall porter if they omitted to pay before leaving the presence of the great man.

"I think you have forgotten to pay M. le Docteur," the man would remark, deferentially. How he knew puzzled them sorely. The secret, however, was simple. The doctor had two bells, one of which gave forth a dull, hollow sound, and the other a merry little tinkle. Which he touched as a signal that his visitor was to be shown out depended as to whether or not he had got his fee.

A few years ago, this little device would, doubtless, have been deemed unprofessional. Nowadays, however, prominent medical men are not so finical as their predecessors.

Sir Andrew Clark, for example, allows a notice to appear in his waiting room informing patients of the amount of his fees. And, to take another striking case in point, physicians appear to have adopted the custom of sending dunning letters in some cases.

A lady visited a specialist one morning, and, intending to revisit him next day, she did not pay the fee. When she reached home, she altered her mind, and, consequently, telegraphed that it was impossible for her call on him the next day. Within a few hours, she received a note from the doctor, requesting immediate payment of his fee; and, on the envelope, was the superscription, "The bearer waits for an answer."

John Hunter, the anatomist, once performed a serious operation on a tradesman's wife, for which service the fee agreed upon was twenty guineas.

He did not receive the fee at the time, nor, indeed, did he hear any more of the case for two months.

Finding that the cause of delay was poverty, and that the couple were worthy people, he waited patiently until he received the money, and then "sent back to the husband nineteen guineas and kept the twentieth, that they might not be left with the idea of too great an obligation."

It somewhat more than paid me," he said, "for the expense I had been put to in the business." Such generosity on the part of medical men is by no means rare, as thousands of poor persons can gratefully testify. One of this numerous class, who lives in the north of Lancashire, was, a few years ago, suffering from a disorder that necessitated a difficult and painful operation.

Local doctors being powerless to perform the task, the man's wife wrote to a gentleman who was then the leading surgeon in Liverpool, and received, by return of post, a courteous reply.

The surgeon was willing to perform the operation for £50, travelling expenses included.

Luckily, the poor sufferer had a little money in the Post Office Savings Bank, though not nearly enough to pay the fee. However, after a good deal of "scraping," the wife wrote to say that, if the great surgeon would perform the operation, she would pay him £25 down and the balance as soon as possible after her husband resumed work.

The kind man came, performed the operation successfully, and, at great inconvenience expense, visited his patient three time afterwards. But will it be believed that he refused to accept as his reward a single farthing in money? Yet such is the fact! The truth is, physicians perform much work gratuitously, and are really strict about their fees only with those who are able to pay, and yet wish to get as much as they can for nothing.

THE "NOON REST."—The business women and girls of Indianapolis are enjoying what is styled a "Noon Rest," established in a central portion of the city, by the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union. The institution is a sort of woman's club, and the "plant" consists of a number of rooms open each week day from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., where all young women who work in stores and shops are invited to spend their noon hours. Tables are provided for lunches, and milk, tea, coffee and chocolate are served for three cents per cup. Indianapolis papers says that the new institution does not come under the head of "charity" in any sense, and the details of its management are the free offering of those who are sensitive enough to realize the instinct of women for the grateful seclusion which exclusive surroundings can give.

Scientific and Useful.

THE COMMUTER'S POCKET-BOOK.—What is known as commuter pocket-book is very popular with the young women who live in the suburbs and ride on railway trains to and from the city on visiting and shopping expeditions. This pocket-book is flat, roomy and rectangular, and in the front is set a tiny watch, the face of which shows through a hole in the leather. The unfortunate woman who is always obliged to keep an eye on the flight of time has this watch in view when engaged in the whirl of shopping.

THE UTENSILS.—If the utensils or apparatus look or feel greasy, first scour them out; then rinse with cold water; next wash thoroughly with warm water, using either sal soda or saleratus, and finally scald with boiling hot water, completing the operation with a dash of cold water. Use no rag or cloth, but set the vessel aside so as to drain for drying, or leave the apparatus open to dry itself. This, you will say, involves a good deal of trouble, but who ever accomplished anything good without trouble?

WOOD-STONE.—Woodstone is the name of a new compound material composed of sawdust and calcined magnesia. The mixture, having been well worked up with water, is put into moulds and pressed into whatever shape may be desired. A scientific authority says it is incombustible and impermeable to water, is susceptible of a fine polish, and is adaptable to numerous uses.

IMITATION FROSTED GLASS.—Make a saturated solution of alum in water, wet the glass with the liquid. It is advisable to have the glass in a horizontal position, as then the solution is not likely to drain off.

TEA.—A Russian analyst gives the following as a test by which tea can be proved to be genuine or not. Take a pinch of tea in a glass, pour upon it a little cold water and shake it up well. Pure tea will only slightly color the water, while a strong infusion is quickly got from the adulterated.

LIME IN WATER.—Lime cannot be removed from water by filtration. Sometimes it has to be boiled to secure precipitation; sometimes it cannot be practically removed by any means. It all depends on the form in which it is present.

Farm and Garden.

TURNIPS AND MUTTON.—Turnips and choice mutton are joint articles on English farms. No English farmer would attempt to raise sheep without turnips as one of his crops. It is possible that the growing of more turnips in this country may be an advantage to those who keep sheep. Every farmer should give turnips and sheep a trial where it can be done with a prospect of profit.

POULTRY.—Producing poultry for market is a profitable adjunct to fruit growing, as the poultry can be used for winter employment, for but little work can be done with the orchard at that season. The raising of early broilers is done entirely in the winter.

MACHINERY.—Use a machine whenever it can be done, if you wish to keep up with your enterprising neighbors, and get a machine that can be applied to all kinds of work done in the house also, when possible. The labor of farmers' wives should be lessened in every department.

COVERINGS.—Some kind of covering to shed off water will be of advantage to stacks of hay or fodder. But few farmers take pains to thus protect their stacks, and the result is that before spring approaches the hay or fodder is in a condition that renders it unpalatable to stock.

FENCES.—Fencing is an item of cost that all farmers must shoulder in order to pasture live stock. The fences of the United States have cost more than all our national wars, but habit reconciles millions to this expensive absurdity. One excellent use for stone fences is to crush them and use them in road building, the larger ones for filling up hollows in the roads between hills.

IMPROVED STOCK.—One benefit of improved stock is that it is an educating force in farm life. The owner of improved stock will not feel satisfied to see it depreciate, and he studies into stock-breeding and feeding so as to avoid the reproach. It teaches him to think more than in the past, and thinking farmers are usually successful farmers.

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Mind and Soul.

A very large number of our readers have an intense desire to establish the correct distinction between mind and soul; and we constantly receive hints or requests which we view with some alarm; for, if we directed any earnest but simple reader to study the metaphysicians and psychologists, we should probably drive him to the verge of insanity.

The more we study the philosophers, the more we sympathize with the Scotchman who remarked, "If a man talks to you and you cannot understand a word he says, and if you're pairfectly sure that he doesn't understand what he's talking about himsel', then you may be sure he's speaking metapheesics."

We have labored somewhat among the metaphysicians, and after enduring not a little misery, we are inclined to advise all gentle souls to flee from metaphysics as from a pest..

Mr. James Payn tells a story of a philosopher who criticized Comte at Harriet Martineau's table. The redoubtable Harriet had translated Comte, and Mr. Payn endeavored in agony to make the talker cease.

But, as the novelist says, one cannot stop a metaphysician; and the critic went on making it plain that he had never read a word of Comte in his life.

We do not admire the man's brag, but we sympathize with him in that he had abstained from reading Comte, and we could find it in our heart to pardon his doubtful morality for the sake of his common sense.

We shudder when we try to fancy what would happen to a timid person who saw Comte's definition of the soul for the first time.

"The term 'soul' must be reserved for the aggregate of the faculties of the central nervous system in its entirety. The soul is the sum total of the moral and intellectual functions relegated to the brain."

Spinoza is described to us among the greatest and clearest thinkers that have ever lived; but we shrink back stunned when we summarize a few of his "clear" observations. First of of all, God in Himself neither thinks nor wills; but He is thought in itself. That is pretty plain.

But what on earth are we to say when we learn that God in His attributes and modes thinks and wills?

What can the bewildered and puzzle-headed student answer, when he is kindly informed first, that the essence of the soul is thought with its forms—sensibility, will, imagination; second, that the soul is a thought of God; third, that human thought, which is a mode of divine thought, has nothing in common with God, who nevertheless is identical with it in substance?

Bend the whole force of your mind on these marvellous statements, turn them this way and that, resolve that not even dizziness of the brain shall force you to give up the search after truth—do all these things resolutely and we shall not be surprised if the nearest asylum receives a new tenant.

Had Spinoza contented himself with amplifying his main precept, "Love one another," you could have very well understood him; but these aimless subtleties which start from nothing and lead nowhere are only an affliction to the soul.

Rather than to see any one floundering about among the philosphers we should set him to read schoolboy romances. He would, at least, be amused, and he would not need to be continually in doubt as to whether he or the eminent thinkers had gone crazed.

With some little knowledge of psychology we can quite understand why some clever men become wroth, and declare that a practical worker who drives a pile or invents a commutator, or makes a new boiler, is worth all the thinkers that ever perplexed the earth.

If we discard the jargon of the schools, we can always con[illegible] think with some approach to lucidity, and the puzzle which has haunted men ever since they began to ask, "What am I? Whence did I come? Whither shall I depart? seems to grow less painful.

Excepting among the old gipsies, we have not yet found any one who had not some definite idea regarding the soul.

The unlettered gipsy and the over-learned professor who has talked himself into a temporary belief of extinction are the only people who do not think—with more or less of clearness—that the real Man, the Being that inhabits the mortal frame, is independent of the body and will survive it.

We once heard a clever and subtle man attempt to explain this belief; for we had asked how it is that the soothsayers in some of the Pacific Islands describe visions like that of the Witch of Endor, and we also wanted to know why the Elo him of the Jews exactly correspond to the ancestor-gods of the islanders. The thinkers explanation—let it seem right or wrong—was so curious and so frank that we do not think the most fervent of religious folk need scruple to read and ponder it. In substance, our friends' argument ran thus. From the time when the beginnings of life showed on earth—say, five hundred thousand years ago—every organism that appeared has been plunged into a struggle for existence, and only the fittest survived.

That is a crude statement of one section of Darwin's theory. As organisms grew more and more complex, the steady struggle became intensified, higher and higher forms were evolved, and as no creature could possibly survive unless the desire for existence were keen, clinging to life, grew even more strong as the branching generations of living creatures went on through the ages and were slowly differentiated.

Only those individuals who had the desire for life could remain sentient; and this desire necessarily reacted on the physical form of the animal, so that the powers needed to secure a continuance of life were more and more developed.

At length, in all the higher animals the desire to live was the most absorbing passion. Love and fear were only varied forms of the same passion. Love sought to continue life; fear led to self-preservation.

Every feeling and every instinct tended toward one end—and that end was to keep fast hold on life. As the generations of men arose in their waves, and the most complex and perfect of all organisms was fully developed, the desire for life reached its highest. They developed into Love and thus became the Soul.

A man with the brain of a Napoleon may calmly plan a murder, and he may reason his way from step to step, carefully weighing the devices likely to serve his plan; the mind contrives the crime, but the soul alone can feel the inevitable remorse.

The mind may frame theological arguments; the soul alone worships; the mind may be satisfied on the completion of a chain of reasoning; the soul alone can know joy.

We fear that our civilization is too much a civilization of the mind, and that we seek to ignore the life of the soul; but, although we try to ignore the immortal essence, it asserts itself again and again, and not all the work of the mind, not all the counsels of calmness and caution can prevent the irresistible soul from asserting its sway.

Observe that the men who have been most influential on earth have not been those most remarkable for power of mind; they have been ignorant, incapable of sustained thought, unfit to solve the pettiest problem, which demanded acuteness of brain.

But they had something which passed all power of brain—they had an influence which did not work through words—they were far above all reasoners, and their Creator used them as instruments through the force of their souls.

For ourselves we do not think that the soul of human man returns to the universal soul when mind and body have passed away.

During the time when the essence makes itself manifest through the veil of the flesh, it must acquire certain individual characteristics; for it cannot be independent of its environment, though it may act independently of the mere body.

We cannot believe that the real Washington, the real Cæsar, can ever become extinct; and we see every reason to think that the soul remains sentient and active after the brain had ceased to show these manifestations which we call mind.

THERE are two ways to dispose of a suspicion, one of these should always be accepted. It may either be sifted to the bottom, and its truth or error be established once for all, or it may be abandoned as unworthy of a place in the thoughts. Which of these two methods to adopt must depend upon many circumstances. If there are grave interests in justice involved, as in the case of supposed dishonesty, if the fault we fear is one with which we have personal concern, and if the suspicion appears to be well-founded, then undoubtedly it is our duty to examine it.

AS SOON as the girls are capable of learning it "A place for everything, and everything in it place" should be strictly enforced, to be followed up by the analogous one, "A time for everything, and everything at its time." Sir Walter Scott puts this teaching into the mouth of one of his most sympathetic creations, Ieal Jennie Deans, when he makes her answer the old Highlander's praise of her housekeeping with "A great deal can be done by minding one's turns."

IT IS in youth that the spirit of truthfulness may be best be cultivated. Few realize how strong are the impressions made upon the heart of childhood by the examples which are given to it. Let no one imagine that to teach a child not to tell a lie is sufficient to make him really truthful. He must be imbued with the love of positive truth; and that can be infused only by those who are themselves inspired by it.

WHAT a grand thing it is to feel that we can live if we will! It wants only the wish to be morally great—the wish translating itself into moral endeavor. We can all attain that supremacy; and to the weakest and poorest debarred by nature and society from personal prosperity is opened the noble path of moral grandeur—the royal road of virtue.

NEVER forget that the free use of the faculties is the source of the noblest power and the purest joy in life; the pelf which they can win is but as dust or dirt in comparison, while the range and force of cultivated and developed faculty constitute the true wealth which is alone worth reckoning in time and eternity.

MAN is not man till he is free, but the nobility of man who is free is tested by the way in which he uses his freedom. He shows himself worthy of his freedom when he resolves to love to serve others and to consecrate his liberty to the good of the community.

The value of labor as a tonic is not theoretical. Work to do and the will to do it well are as certain to induce cheerfulness and contentment as idleness or mere desultory occupation is likely to bring languor, irritability and fancied ailments.

THE shortest way to do many things is to do one thing at a time.

The World's Happenings.

An infant grows eight inches during the first year.

Plowing by electricity is in contemplation for a large property in Central Spain.

It costs the United States $250,000 a year to print the "Congressional Record."

Well Water is selling at 5 cents a pail at Amsterdam, N. Y., on account of low water in the city reservoir.

Twenty years ago Denmark exported annually 900,000 eggs. Now it is estimated at over 111,000,000 per annum.

A West Chester dog stole two loaves of bread which he had observed a baker leave in the yard of a restaurant early on Saturday morning.

Frau August Schmidt, of Berlin, 33 years old, recently announced the birth of her sixteenth child. She has four pairs of twins, and is the wife of a porter.

The New Zealand frozen meat trade has grown to wonderful proportions in recent years. Over a million carcasses are now sent annually to England.

Trustworthy figures, recently compiled, show the mileage of street-car track in the United States and Canada to be nearly 9000. Horse railways occupy 5902, electric railways 1753, dummy lines 556, and cable lines 441.

Professor Hirsch, a Chicago chemist, asserts that he has discovered a process by which he can extract aluminum from the common clay at a cost of 15 cents or less for each pound. Aluminum at present costs $5 per pound.

The following notice has been posted by a citizen on the main street at Athens, Oregon: "To my neighbors: If my spring chickens are disturbing your garden, kill them and eat them. Don't pile them out in the alley to become a nuisance."

A Boston boatman who received a fifty-cent piece as a reward for saving four men from drowning, has had the coin engraved: "Reward of Merit—For Rescuing Four Men from Drowning: 12½ cents apiece." He will wear the coin as a medal.

The amount of water the sun raises from the earth is estimated at the enormous weight of 27,000,000,000 tons a minute; the quantity of coal required to produce a heat in any way equivalent to the sun is calculated to be 12,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

A Cincinnati barber who has considerable trade in ladies' hair-dressing says: "The practice of dyeing hair among the women is dying out. Still we do a good business in the dyeing of bangs. We cut bangs and fluff them, and in some instances dye them.

Mr. Hill, of East Bridgewater, Conn., kept a record of the weather from 1806 to 1869, as he says, for the purpose of satisfying himself whether the moon had any effect on the weather. He came to the conclusion that it had no effect at all on the weather.

Mrs. William C. Whitney's luncheon on Monday at the Bell Villa was one of the events of the Newport season. The tables, twenty-two in number, stood in drawing-room, halls, piazza and dining-rooms of the villa, and the decorations were in eleven distinct colors.

In the future, in all Government documents and official publications in Canada, such words as flavor, labor, honor, etc., must be spelt with the "u," according to the English usage, as favour, labour, honour, and not as hitherto after the American style.

Instead of increasing the weight of locomotives to secure better traction, efforts are being made to use the electric current, as experiment has demonstrated that the passage of a current through the driving-wheels increases the traction far beyond what additional weight accomplishes.

At Athens, Ga., a man on his way home saw a dog running toward him through darkness at full speed. Surmising that the dog was mad the man climbed up a tree and remained there the rest of the night, with the dog standing guard below. When daylight came the man discovered that the dog was his own.

Tobacco sellers in Cincinnati are troubled just now by the visitation of a tiny brown bug that seems to be a confirmed chewer of the weed. The bug is about the size of a seed of flax, and is almost the color of tobacco. It bores its way into cigars and eats large holes in the filler, while it also burrows through packages of smoking tobacco.

A red fox left his hiding place in the thicket at Fort Valley, Ga., the other day and ran along the highway seemingly fearless of man or dog. A colored man, who attempted its capture, was severely bitten and several ducks were killed before it was finally destroyed. There are fears that hydrophobia may develop from the bites of the fox.

An ingenious burglar, under sentence for five years in the county jail at Seattle succeeded in deceiving the prison physician, who, under the impression that he had developed a case of small-pox, had him removed to the hospital, from whence he escaped. It is believed that medicine causing an eruption had been smuggled into the prison.

A Memphis electric light company was sued for $499 50 damages a few days ago for destroying a shade tree in the yard of a citizen. The damages were decreed by default. The President of the company was subsequently arraigned before a Justice, charged with trespass in putting up the wires. He waived an examination, and was bound over to the Criminal Court.

The medical men of Vienna have been thrown into a panic by the discovery that for months they have been allowing a dry goods clerk to treat patients in the city hospital. He got his position by means of forged diplomas. During the day he sold ribbons, and at night he attended his ward. He had never studied medicine, and is supposed to be responsible for any number of deaths.

Everybody has heard of "Railroad Jack," Saratoga's wandering dog, owned by nobody, but beloved and cared for by railroad men all over the country, whom he accompanies on their trips. He returned not a fortnight ago from a three weeks trip, which had included Omaha. He took a run up to Montreal and back, and Saturday reached home from Boston, where a column of biography and his picture appeared in a daily newspaper during his stay.

DREAMING AND DOING.

BY A. W. U.

When daylight is departing,
And twilight gathers near,
And in the dusky distance
The minster bells I hear,
I put aside my labor,
And, like the dying day,
I wonder who will miss me
When I am passed away.

Ah! would I were contented
To do my duty here,
Instead of idly dreaming
About another sphere,
For, after all, 'tis only
By what I do to-day,
That any one will miss me
When I am passed away.

The Unbidden Guest.

BY OLIVE BELL.

PHILLIP, look here", Mable Morgan—with a flush of excitement on her beautiful face—held up a tiny heliotrope scented missive, as her affianced husband entered her cozy morning room. "Such a strange thing has happened. Read this."

But Phillip Ashliegh shrank away from the perfumed missive with an almost perceptible shudder.

"Heliotrope,"—he said, trying to speak lightly, although his grave face was a trifle whiter, "is, as you know Mabel, one of my 'pet aversions.' Read or tell me the contents of this wonderful note—your voice is charming."

Mabel blushed to the roots of the jetty hair that lay in such bewitching curls on her white forehead. Grave Phillip Ashliegh—her senior by a dozen years, simply adored his betrothed wife, and taking her in his arms, he kissed the carmine-tinted cheeks until they glowed like twin roses.

"You are as fresh as a rose this morning, Mabel;" he said with a little ecstatic sigh, as he released her; "I never saw such a bloom on your cheeks before. Now, what is the news?"

He stood with one elbow resting on the low marble mantle, a man that any woman might be proud of—rich, well bred, and well-born; distinguished for purity of morals, as well as beauty of face and figure; with a gentle persuasiveness of voice and manner that rendered him doubly irresistable.

Mabel's velvety black eyes—soft and luminous fell beneath his fervent gaze.

"This note"—her slim fingers toyed nervously with the scented bit of paper, "is from Monica, Uncle Robert Willard's adopted daughter, who coolly invites herself to my wedding. Just think of it, an unbidden guest! She has resided abroad for the last ten years—ever since Uncle's death, and I feel afraid to meet her. She was always clever and foreign travel has doubtless made a brilliant woman of her."

Phillip laughed, not with his old heartiness however, for something seemed to oppress him.

"Let her come, Mabel; the more the merrier. I do not suppose she is dangerous, and you will not have to endure her society long. When does she arrive?"

"This evening But Phillip"—with a pucker of the pretty brows, "it is such an odd proceeding! She is sorry I did not include her in my list of invitations. But how could I, when I did not know in what quarter of the globe to find her. So, having just arrived from Africa, she hears of my approaching marriage, and presuming on Uncle Robert's good standing in my affections, she invites herself to my wedding."

"Rather cool; but probably Miss Monica, is an odd creature. Old, is she?"

"Bless me, no!" cried Mabel, with a merry laugh. "She is only five years my senior, fair as a lily, with eyes like sapphires, and hair of the real dead gold tint. Oh, she is just perfect in her way, Phillip, and I know you will be charmed."

"Hardly, I think"—and a swift shadow darkened his face, "for I detest fair women."

"Phillip," an anxious light crept into the lovely luminous eyes, as warm hearted Mabel crept closer to her lover, and laid her curly head against his broad chest. "You must be ill, or something; for I never saw you look so gloomy. You are not sorry to-morrow is is our wedding day, are you?"

"When to-morrow will bring me the greatest happiness that ever fell to the lot of man—give me a wife, whose 'price is above rubies,' Mabel," he said in his deep earnest way; and although never a demonstrative man, some wave of tenderness, or remorse, seemed suddenly to overwhelm him, and taking the little white-robed form in his arms, he strained her to his heart and pressed kiss after kiss on the warm red lips.

"Mabel, my beloved, always remember this—that in life or death, I am yours only!"

And lying against his breast his strong loving hand caressing her face, Mabel Morgan wondered if any woman on the face of the earth was so blessed as she.

Years after, when the jetty hair was snow-white, the memory of that almost painful happiness would bring hot scalding tears to her eyes, and her heart would be wrung with the fangs of a wound, time could only heal.

"You will dine with us," Mabel said inquiringly, as her lover was leaving, "and be introduced to Monica."

"Certainly;" he laughed with a spice of his old cheerfulness, "I must see what the unbidden guest is like."

Mabel accompanied him to the door; clinging to his hand, with childish trust. He looked down into the luminous eyes, with a smile on his lips.

"Now, good-bye sweetheart;" he says with a last kiss, "after to-morrow, nothing but death shall part us."

Mabel watched him out of sight with a strangely solemn feeling at her heart. It was just as if—and she shuddered at the thought—she saw him lying white and silent in his coffin, and the parting was forever.

She was not superstitious, yet a feeling of dread gathered about her heart as she went slowly up the broad stairway to her room. Everywhere preparations were going on for her wedding. Florists were already busy beautifying the rooms, and Mabel, although naturally hospitable, felt a little annoyance at Monica Willard's unexpected visit.

She had met her but seldom, yet she remembered the girl's glorious face, and haughty imperious ways perfectly. There had always been something antagonistic in their natures; for Mabel's loyal, outspoken disposition, could never fathom the depth and cunning, that seemed the principle ingredients of Monica's composition.

However Mabel was not disposed to allow such trivial thoughts to disturb her on the eve of her marriage. She was too happy to cherish antipathies of any kind, for her future looked so bright and unshadowed, that she often fancied her dreams would never be realized. An orphan from childhood, she had missed the tender care of parents, and endearments of brothers and sisters, and the great love Phillip Ashliegh showered on her, seemed but a recompense for all those loveless years.

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"So this is Mabel Morgan—the little Mabel I used to love," murmured the low flute-like voice of Miss Monica Willard, as she bent down and kissed Mabel on both cheeks.

The amber rays of the evening sunlight flitted through the semi-gloom of the wide hall, touching the odorous tropical plants that decorated it, with tongues of flame and the two women, both so beautiful, yet so unlike stood in the shifting light gazing into each others eyes with strange magnetism.

Mabel was spell-bound, for no tongue could describe the loveliness of that flower-like face, with its perfection of tints and regularity of features. Tall and graceful as a young palm tree, her eyes glowing with fire and spirit, her golden hair crowning her shapely head like a coronet. A woman with few womanly qualities—born to command but not to comfort; a woman capable of a great love, or an undying hatred; that was Monica.

"How beautiful you have grown, Monica." Mabel breathed at last, and Monica with a musical laugh laid her white hand on Mabel's dark head.

"Have I? Well—you are just as beautiful, only in a different style—all warmth and color."

And she might have added, that nobility of nature, generosity of thought and purpose, beautified the dark, gloomy face, investing it with a charm no human loveliness could equal.

They went up to their rooms, Miss Willard with a languid grace, a half contemptuous smile wreathing her red lips, as she listened to Mabel's shy praises of her lover.

"A wonderful piece of perfection, doubtless;" she supplemented with a gay laugh, and a strange sparkle in her sapphire eyes as she stood before a bright fire in the luxurious guest chamber, and held out her slim jeweled fingers to the genial warmth. "But I will have the pleasure of meeting this paragon of yours at dinner, you say."

"Yes," assented Mabel, with a rosy blush "there will be no other guests. He is just coming down to make your acquaintance."

"Ah!" with a deep breath, and a curious tightening of the lips. "Well, dear, I'll make haste and dress. Do not trouble yourself about me—I can find my way down."

Meanwhile Phillip Ashliegh was walking briskly up from Abbeyville station, to Morgan hill—just outside the village limits. The road was beautiful, with clear-chipped hedges on either side, and tall trees almost overshadowing it. Over all the picturesque landscape, lay a soft shimmer of moonlight and a million stars blinked down at him from the blue heavens above.

He was very happy, too happy he thought, for he had gone through trials that would have broken down a less stronger man, physically and morally, Phillip Ashliegh was a giant. His endurance was remarkable, and there was a self control, a grave sobriety of word and action about him that made him different from his fellow-men.

Only one thing troubled him—in all his life history there was but one black page, and to-day the faint oderous scent of heliotrope about Miss Willard's note, had brought every detail of that fatal story to his mind. Mabel Morgan knew nothing of it, in fact the whole affair had been a dead secret, and Mabel would be none the happier if he did make a full confession to her. But what mattered it? He had been mad and foolish, not guilty of any sin, and nothing remained to testify against him, but a green grave headed by a marble cross in a church yard in Normandy.

Ah well, it was all over! He sighed deeply, and tried to shake off a nervous feeling that was creeping over him, as he followed the servant into the brightly lit drawing room at Morgan Hall.

The room was a fairy bower, white flowers in every form of artistic decoration, filling the air with their sweet pungent odors.

Gazing around him a few seconds with a dreamy smile on his lips, Phillip felt himself growing strangely agitated and thought he would go into the conservatory, and smoke a cigar to steady his nerves. He pushed aside the rose colored hangings and entered a wide alley, lined with plants and ferns.

How well he remembered it years after, the dim light, the tinkle of a fountain in the distance, birds chirrupping in gilded cages, and the fragrance of countless blossoms floating up like incense. He threw himself into a low seat and smoked and dreamed. Suddenly an overpowering sense of heliotrope smote his nostrils. He gazed around him, but although flowers of every description were visible, he could see no heliotrope. It came nearer, nearer, until its perfume seemed to enfold him. The memory of when and where he had last inhaled it, sent a cold chill to his heart, and with a sickening sensation of dread he turned to go in search of Mabel, and came face to face, with a woman clad in rich blue silken robes, whose lovely face flushed guiltily, when his startled eyes fell on it—a face he recognized with keenest pain.

"Mary" came from his half parted lips, "Mary Willard."

"Nay," she corrected her flute like voice rising clear and sweet above the tinkle of the fountain, "Mary Monica Ashliegh at your service."

A look of unutterable pain came into his eyes.

"I supposed, nay, was positive, you were dead."

"Doubtless; but the dead sometimes return to life, I am one of them."

"I saw your remains lowered into the grave in a church-yard in Normandy."

"I do not doubt it;" still in those indifferent languid tones that cut him like a knife, "but some enterprising German students exhumed me, found life in me, coaxed it into a flame, and here I am."

"For what purpose?" his self-control was fast deserting him, and hot indignation was rising within him.

"Well," she laughed, a low satirical laugh, "I think you might guess at my purpose, to claim my husband, and prevent you from committing bigamy."

He flushed to the roots of his hair.

"A laudable one indeed. You never loved me—mad, foolish, infatuated, though I was I realized that fully weeks before I saw you dead. Why did you marry me?"

'You wish to know why I married you?" how her lazy contemptuous tones jarred on his sensitive nerves. "Well, perhaps I had better tell you. It was because I loved a worse man; a man who scorned me, because I let the world see I adored him. I married you, thinking to thus draw him to my feet, on the old principle of "forbidden fruit is sweet." But I failed—ah! how bitterly."

"Ah! and made me the scapegoat of your disappointments."

"Just so. What a terrible life we led. I was a bad womanthen, Phillip, for his scorn and detestation of me drove me wild. I showed you all the evil in my nature, and there is a great deal, I must confess. But I am a better woman now, indeed I am." with a half sigh, as her sapphire eyes measured him from head to foot, "if you take me back, I promise to become a model wife."

"Never," he says, shutting his white even teeth. "Never! My passion for you at the best, was only a mad fancy. You killed that—nothing you could do or say would bring it back to life—your path and mine shall lie far apart in the future."

"Ah!" she smiles tauntingly, as she plucks a spray of heliotrope to pieces, "but still I am your wife, you can never run away from that fact. Pray, what do you propose to do? Marry Miss Morgan?"

A spasm of pain sent his body quivering from head to foot, but he made no sign.

'Do you think I am a villian? No! I have done her, my pure hearted love—harm enough already. If I sinned, I did it innocently. But I can never call her wife."

"Hardly, since you have one already," she answers, her sapphire eyes fixed on him in cruel scorn. "But what do you propose to do?"

"Leave the country, forever!" He strode past her, out into the clearer light of the drawing room, and writing a few hasty words on a card, gave it to a servant to give it to Miss Morgan, then went out into the cool night air, his blood on fire, and great drops of agony on his pallid brow.

A few seconds later Mabel Morgan came softly into the drawing-room looking like a rich red rose in her dinner dress of garnet silk, and rare old laces. Mr. Willard radiant and sweet, was carelessly toying with some rare ferns in a tall vase.

"Phillip not come yet;" said Mabel, with a bright smile "he is not often late; some delay of——" At that moment a servant entered, with a card on a silver salver.

"God help us both! Our marriage, Mabel, can never be. Trust me, always. I will write a full explanation."

The beautiful bloom died slowly out of Mabel Morgan's face. "What—what," she held out the card in a blind search for comfort, and Monica took it in her slender delicate fingers. 'Oh, Monica, what does this mean?"

"It means, my dear Mabel," murmurs the flute like voice, "that Phillip Ashliegh like too many of his sex, has loved and rode away. Ah, my dear, men are so deceitful."

"Don't," Mabel cried with a flood of hot tears, "he is truth itself. He will explain."

But Miss Willard took care no explanation ever reached the unhappy girl.

NOT A VERY TEMPTING DISH.—While a number of friends were waiting in a New York restaurant the other night for their orders to be filled, one of them interested all hands by telling of a dish he ate during a trip to Brazil. "I went away up the Amazon," he said, "to buy raw rubber. Several of us left the boat one day and made our way into the dense forest to see if we could shoot any toucans. We got lost and wandered about for a day and a night before we found the little creek in which our boat lay, and we were only brought back then by some Indians whom we met carrying rubber to the river to sell. We met them just as they were about to camp for the night, and as they promised to show us the way out of the forest we camped with them. We had some tinned beef left and some whiskey, but as I had lived on tinned beef and fresh fish for some time and was mightily tired of them both, I was looking about for a change of diet and was glad to see that the Indians had some native food with them. This consisted of some sort of gray'sh white paste, that looked like a mixture of suet and 'grits.' I asked them what it was, but I could not understand what they said and our interpreter had gone off for water. It did not taste at all bad; and the flavor was unlike anything I had ever eaten, so I had swallowed a bit of it about as big as you first before the interpreter returned and told me that the dish was made of some sort of dried root, pulverized and mixed with the crushed bodies of white ants. I did not eat any more."

LIFE is periodic. It is made up of cycles, of grand currents that sweep all around and then come back again. If angels go out, it is only that archangels may come in. There are transit, backward eddies in the stream, but the general current is onward, if only we ourselves will keep true, and prove steadfast. All who live know life is a conflict; it may also be a victory.

Sir Hector's Wife.

BY M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

SILENT as a death chamber itself was the large, luxuriantly furnished room in which lay the greatest lawyer of his time, stricken down, as it seemed, with mortal disease. The solemn stillness and desertion that had so suddenly overtaken the place offered a startling contrast to the look of careless feminine disorder still reigning there.

On the rich satin coverlid might be seen a woman's 'negligé' of delicate primrose-colored cashmere bordered with costly lace, the mistress of the house having evidently but that moment quitted her post by the sick man's bed.

The dressing table glittered with knick-nacks and trinkets; these, too, apparently thrown down in haste—a gold-stoppered smelling bottle, a little purse of dainty workmanship, a set of ivory tablets framed in gold, a tiny embroidered handkerchief, and, lastly, two or three notes on rose-tinted paper and a bunch of keys.

The contents of a lady's pocket had also been emptied on a sudden. A general look of disarrangement suggested the precipitate, agitated search for some priceless object unexpectedly missing. One or two drawers of a Chippendale cabinet stood open; the jewel case seemed to have been ransacked; whilst the elaborate order usually reigning in the bed-rooms of the rich was wholly and mysteriously absent.

No less striking to the rigid watcher seemed the contrast presented by the prostrate figure beside him, and a retrospection of the life now so seriously jeopardised. Lustreless now these eyes before whose eagle glance the stoutest of hearts were wont to tremble; shrunken the lips on whose fiery eloquence had ofttimes hung life and death.

The subtle lawyer, the irresistible pleader, the impassible judge, lay feeble as an infant in the grip of unaccountable disease. Without warning, and whilst enjoying the plenitude of mental and bodily powers, the hale sexagenarian had been stricken down.

After a considerable period of coma, following artificial sleep, he opened his eyes, and, with a great effort, partially raised himself on the pillow. Glancing round to find no one present but the physician, he said, making a feeble attempt at rebuke—

"Doctor, you have given me a sleeping potion against my orders."

The doctor was also of high distinction in his profession, and only to so illustrious a patient would he have accorded the services of a nurse. It was now four of the clock; post meridian, and he had not quitted the house since daybreak.

"Nay, Sir Hector, we physicians accept no commands from our patients," he replied.

The sick man's authoritative air, contrasted as it was with his physical helplessness, evoked a smile, although a sad one. A weight of care and gloom clouded the doctor's brow.

The patient uttered a little ejaculation of impatience. Then sinking back on the pillows, and closing his eyes as he felt that resistance were hopeless, he murmured—

"Call Paulina—my wife."

The other paused for a moment, and the strangest expression came into his face, an expression made up of compassion, abhorrence, and grim foreboding. Quickly recovering himself, he replied, in a tone of forced cheeriness—

"That behest I must not obeyeither."

The unqualified refusal, and the total absence of any expletive, struck the discerning ears of the great lawyer. The business of his life had been to draw inferences; with electric despatch he now arrived at the right conclusion.

"I have been put to sleep because something was to be concealed from me. My Paulina is ill!" he cried, his fingers nervously clutching the bed clothes, the weak voice trembling with rising wrath, fondness, and anxiety.

Again the physician paused. To tell a lie was impossible to him, the truth he dared not so much as hint at just yet. How to beguile this abnormally alert intellect, and soothe these painfully keen susceptibilities?

He grasped the white hand, trembling on the coverlid, with his cool palm.

"It was better for both—that your wife, Lady Vanderoy, should not nurse you any longer. Hearken, Sir Hector," he added, in kind, deeply earnest tones, "I hold out to you a good prospect of recovery. But on one condition, and one only. No more amateur nursing; no more hysterical crying about you. You must place yourself entirely under my own care and that of my trained nurses."

"Paulina is docile. She would obey your orders, if necessary," wailed the patient.

"Come, Sir Hector," the doctor answered, with well affected raillery, "you know much better than that. When did any woman so much as obey her husband's orders, much more those of another man? You value life. Make these small sacrifices cheerfully."

"Small sacrifices, you call them?" groaned the judge. "But I will not be selfish. You are doubtless thinking of my sweet girl. She ought not to breathe the air of a sick room any longer. But Everard, dear Everard, who has ever been as a son to me, is he to be banished too?"

The doctor's face darkened.

"Mr. Everard Elton has been suddenly called away—on urgent business," he said, drily. Then with a change of tone, seeing the tears of disappointment that trickled down the patient's cheek, he added, with skilfully concealed irony, "Mr. Elton is good company. I admit, but the best company in the world for a sick man, Sir Hector, is that of his nurse and doctor. You must now have your beef tea and try to sleep."

II.

All went well throughout the remainder of that day and the ensuing night. The great judge slept quietly at intervals, and whenever waking up, to murmur fretfully—

"Paulina! my little Paulina! Everard, my dear boy Everard!"

Whereupon the doctor would interfere, repeating the old arguments and injunctions; or, if he quitted the room, in his turn to snatch a little rest, the newly appointed nurses soothed with words to the same effect. Lady Vanderoy was necessarily absent; she had already acted the part of nurse too long. Mr. Everard Elton had been obliged to leave on unexpected business; such the lesson they had learned, partout wise, from the doctor's lips.

Towards dawn, as is often the case with the sick, Sir Hector grew wakeful and alert. The torpor of the last few days seemed thrown off; his eyes brightened; his cheeks showed a glow of returning vitality; he was getting the better of an acute crisis.

"Ah! Daylight at last. Draw aside the curtains, doctor," he said, in a clear, hopeful voice. "Night is past. In a few hours my Paulina will be here."

"Did I say so?" asked the doctor in the dry, imperturbable tone of yesterday. "The false steps of weeks are not to be undone in as many hours. Hear it from my lips for once and for all, sir; your recovery, your very life, depends on following my instructions to the very letter."

The sick man, with palpable effort, checked his rising wrath, and once more the habit of drawing inferences came to his aid.

"I read your thoughts, doctor," he said, as a slight flush overspread his beardless, Roman features. "You have ever been of opinion that neither in sickness nor in health is a sexagenarian fit partner for a girl of twenty. I know well enough what has been your opinion of my marriage—I may say so—the only piece of downright folly I was ever guilty of."

The doctor remained dumb.

"And now you are of opinion that Paulina's changing, vivacious humors, her alternating tears and smiles, are adverse to recovery. Well, I give in. I admit that I never beheld her enter the room—a vision of girlish loveliness—unmoved. Her beauty stirs me with the sweetest emotion now as when first I called her mine."

"There is a time for sweet emotion and a time for hard reasoning," was the caustic reply. "You have made a stride forward. Thanks to what, may I ask—Lady Vanderoy's nursing or my own?"

"True, true," answered the patient, shaking his friend's hand. "Both Paulina and Everard—Heaven bless them!—did their very best. They were unremitting in their attentions, but, of course, quite without experience. Besides, my sweet little wife needs rest and fresh air. I have been a monster of selfishness to let her devote herself to me so long. I will be henceforth tractable, to be rewarded in advance. Hand me yonder miniature."

Not without a frown and demur, the physician yielded, and an ivory miniature, framed in solid gold, was placed in the other's impatient fingers.

It was the portrait of a dazzlingly handsome girl—child were the more appropriate term, for the golden-haired, rosy-lipped, blue-eyed sitter could hardly have seen her sixteenth birthday. Feminine witchery here reached its acme, but it was witchery of the most soulless type. No intellectual depth showed itself in the small, round brow; no tenderness played in the smile, want of heart and mind being softened by excessive artlessness and youth. Her hair fell in short, loose curls about her shoulders; her white frock, confined with a blue sash, showing bare throat and arms, had a look of the nursery.

"Is it not an exquisite picture?" asked Sir Hector, gazing with eyes spellbound. "To think that a dry old lawyer like myself calls such a rosebud his own! But you are far more beautiful now, my Paulina."

For some minutes he remained holding the miniature straight before him, fascinated as by a spell; then the doctor saw his expression change. For a moment a look of pain—even of horror—came into his face, followed by a self reproachful, incredulous smile.

"Put it back, doctor, and I will tell you of a foolish—an insane—fancy, of an incident that the sight of this miniature recalls to me—to be revealed, promise me on your honor, to no living soul."

"My yea and nay have ever been held tantamount to an oath, Sir Hector. If you wish to confide anything to me, pray do so."

"I may recover, doctor, or I may not; anyhow, it will do no harm to confess to you. Yes, it is a confession I am about to make. Strange to say, I have had something on my mind for the best part of my life—I will out with it now!"

He settled himself comfortably on his pillows and began—

"You belong to a younger generation than myself, but I had reached man's estate when I won my laurels; in other words, when I undertook the defence which raised me to the very pinnacle of my profession. Where were you at the time I allude to? You can't have forgotten the Altown Assize connected with my name?"

"I remember the incident you refer to perfectly well," rejoined the doctor, looking unnerved and embarrassed. "Would it not be as well to defer your proposed communication?"

"No, I must out with it; and now or never is the time. All the world knows I am no church goer; for my religion, such as it is, I am not beholden to the parsons or their doctrine. But I have ever been a scrupulous, God-fearing man. I dare not go to the grave with a black lie on my soul!"

He waited for a moment to collect his thoughts; then went on, in calm, measured tones, evidently anxious not to overdo his strength.

"You say that you remember the trial I alluded to? It was a poisoning case. A girl of extraordinary attractiveness and beauty, as attractive and beautiful—Heaven forgive the comparison—as my own darling; in features and complexion reminding me just now of yonder sweet, innocent child, my girl wife, my Paulina—was charged with poisoning her step-father. The motive had been pure, diabolical vengeance. The victim, a worthy fellow enough, having from the best possible motives stepped in between herself and a wealthy but disreputable marriage—had, indeed, prevented her from selling herself to a villainous old man for money. From that moment he was doomed. He died after cruel suffering of several days duration, death being caused by poison.

"I may now say to you that never, throughout the entire course of my professional career, did I light upon a worse piece of business. The blackness of heart, the depravity of extreme youth, was so apparent, the utter callousness to every sentiment, except that of self indulgence and self preservation so shocking. Of the prisoner's guilt there could lurk no vestige of doubt in the mind of any fairly intelligent person, but she was young; she was fascinating, and marvellously lovely to look upon. I determined to save her, and save her I did.

"I wonder now that the effort which saved her pretty neck from the hangman's rope did not kill her advocate. For days—nay, weeks—before the trial, I hardly gave myself time for necessary sleep. It was not only the gigantic mass of facts, medical and otherwise, I had to master, but the elaboration of my defence, that strained every nerve to the utmost. But I was well rewarded. Never shall I forget the effect of my speech. It was universally admitted afterwards to be one of the finest and most striking pieces of oratory ever listened to in a court of law. A sick, almost a dying, man may well be pardoned a little vanity!"

"When the trial was over, and the pretty murderess was, thanks to me, thrown loose on society, I took to my bed, utterly exhausted both in body and mind, unable to resume my duties for weeks. Now for the moral of my story, the promised confession. The public felt that she must be guilty. I knew from her own lips that she was so. Now, I ask, coolly reviewing the matter after an interval of twenty five years, what right had I, knowing this, to stand up in a hall of justice and proclaim her an innocent woman? What right had I to forget the untimely end and long drawn-out sufferings of her victim—sufferings I have more than once had in my mind since confined myself to my bed. Curiously enough, too, whilst lying here, reviewing the circumstances of my illness, various symptoms have recalled his own. Doctor, don't think me mad! I could swear to you, had I not been tended by those innocent as the angels in Heaven, that the wrong-doing confessed just now had brought about fearful retribution—that I, in turn, had been diabolically poisoned!"

The doctor started from his seat and touched the electric bell, overcome with excitement. His patient showed signs of recurring torpor and delirium.

At the end of a week the great judge was pronounced convalescent. So wary had been the doctor's evasions from hour to hour that the interval slipped by imperceptibly.

Now that he was once more well enough to glance at the almanac, Sir Hector could hardly believe that for the space of seven whole days his adored young wife and confidential secretary had been banished from him.

At first he easily accounted for such a step on the part of Dr. Eustace. A famous practitioner, an astute man of the world, an honorable gentleman, a friend, moreover, of long standing, the physician had from the first strenuously opposed this unequal marriage. That a distinguished man of sixty should wed an obscurely born, half-educated beauty of eighteen was, in his eyes, sheer insanity, and he had never sought to conceal his opinion. No wonder that when at a critical period, the power was in his hands he should substitute the tried services of experienced nurses for the lovingly-meant but ill judged ministrations of an inexperienced, impetuous girl.

These conclusions had gradually given way to alarming doubt and surmise.

Paulina might have grossly, and through excess of tenderness, mismanaged him, but she should not be jeopardised, a crime committed by the two favorites on whom he had lavished passionate affection and unbounded confidence, because the subject of his most rigid investigation. Had the law allowed it, he would even have acted the

or business ever so urgent prevent him from scribbling a line to his protector and second father? He could doubt no longer. An unexpected blow had fallen upon him. These young, brilliant, loving creatures were stricken down by illness—perhaps in danger. The truth might kill him; learn it he would without a moment's delay.

When the doctor entered, a glance at his patient told him what he might expect.

Sir Hector—in armchair, dressing gown, and slippers—looked once more his own self. Something of the usual brightness shone in his eyes; the thin lips had regained decision and character; his tremendous physical and intellectual powers were once more restored. The patient was healed, yet Dr. Eustace had never quailed before a revelation as he did now. The doctor himself was white and discomposed. He wore the look of a man who had received a fearful blow in the dark.

"Sit down, doctor," began Sir Hector, now speaking in his legal voice—the metallic and unanswerable voice that had so often caught trembling witnesses as in a vice. "Sit down and tell me the truth."

"I am here for no other purpose," was the dry answer. "Physic for the body you need no longer."

"One word, my dear friend," cried the other, now in a tone of keenest anguish, he hardly dared to hope any longer.

Sinking back in his chair, he with difficulty got out the words, "Paulina is not dead!"

"Your wife, Lady Vanderoy, is well," was the reply. Then the doctor rose, and clasping his old friend's hands, cried in a voice fraught with deepest emotion—

"Nerve yourself for news of her far worse than death. Bear up like a man. No one can breathe a word of comfort—"

"I am in a double sense her murderer. Her easily-excited nature has given way under this tension. She is bereft of reason!"

The apparently pitiless, but, in reality, deeply pitying, doctor shook his head

"Have you no bowels of compassion? Shorten these awful moments!" cried the old man. He had become aged on a sudden, and, pale as death, trembling from head to foot, gasped out—

"No; keep your peace. Never let me learn that my Paulina has come to worse harm!"

Tears trickled down his cheeks. The old look of feebleness came back. The doctor felt that no disclosure could be more painful than such suspense.

"It is my duty to speak. Better be apprised of the truth from my lips than from the columns of a newspaper," he added in clear, deliberate tones. "Lady Vanderoy and Everard Elton are in prison charged on evidence not to be shaken with deliberate attempt to murder you by the administration of poison."

The speaker had looked for an outburst of terrible indignation; perhaps even a fierce clutching at his throat and hand-to-hand encounter with a man frenzied by sudden anguish. But even in a moment so stunning, the great lawyer's habit of drawing inferences did not desert him. For a brief interval he sat speechless, rigid, cowed, torn by fiercest conflict, yet intellectually master of himself. In spite of overwhelming mental agony, he was now weighing evidence as carefully as he had done hundreds of times before, when the issues, as now, had been those of life and death.

"It is a foul calumny, an infamous plot," he murmured at last. "Those two beings, so guileless, so devoted to me, both recipients of my favors, have drawn on themselves much enmity. My household, my friends, my relations, public opinion are against them. But I will vindicate their characters from this black slander, unravel this abominable conspiracy—if the effort cost me my life."

He rose, and leaning on his stick, unhinged from its nail the miniature gazed upon so rapturously a few days before.

"My angel, my pretty one!" he cried as he kissed the ivory again and again; held it to his heart, and wept over it. "Who could for a single instant doubt your innocence?"

Then he held out the portrait at arm's length.

"I appeal to you, doctor. Could those artless eyes, that candid brow, deceive? Yet—"

On a sudden, he dropped the portrait, overcome with horror.

"Take it away; hide it from my gaze. Never let me see yonder picture again," he cried. "It is not the likeness of my unspotted darling, my sweet Paulina, but of that beautiful fiend in woman's shape I spoke of a week ago, the girl-poisoner, I blazoned to the world as innocent twenty five years ago—"

"And who was the mother of your wife," the doctor made solemn reply. "The awful truth can no longer be concealed from you, Sir Hector. The foreign music mistress under whose care you first met Lady Vanderoy at Monte Carlo, from whose house in Paris you married her, is just dead. She has sent you papers proving that her supposed daughter Paulina was in reality the child of the wretched woman—set at large, it is true, owing to your exertions—for all that branded as a parricide in the eyes of the world!"

The blow did not kill Sir Hector, but it paralyzed his feelings. Stern as had ever been, he became from that time Draconian in his judgments. And least of all upon himself would he show the slightest tinge of compassion. The crime by which his own life had been jeopardised, a crime committed by the two favorites on whom he had lavished passionate affection and unbounded confidence, became the subject of his most rigid investigation. Had the law allowed it, he would even have acted the

part of judge towards his own wife, and his 'protege,' her accomplice.

The two dropped from mortal ken into the living tomb of a prison, but the stern judge lived on, secretly triumphing over the self mastery that now made existence possible.

The Nameless Wife.

BY F. L.

ONE winter's night, a few years ago, I was turning over my friend Everest's collection of epitaphs, when I came upon the following:—

To the Dear Memory of
IDONEA,
Who died September 21st, 1860, aged 25
She was the only daughter of Richard Musgrave, of
Fosbrooke Hall, and wife of——
Here followed a blank.
"Faithful unto death."

"A wife without a name! This is curious," said I.

"Yes," rejoined Everest, glancing at the open page. "It excited my interest and curiosity at the time."

"Where did you find it?"

"In Yorkshire; in a remote village in the East Riding."

"Tell me about it," said I. "It is just the night for a story."

And so, while the wind howled and the rain beat against the window, we drew our chairs closer to the blazing fire, and Everest began.

"You know I have a brother in Yorkshire, whom I generally visit every autumn. Last September I went, as usual, and had some capital sport. While I was there my brother wanted to buy another horse, to replace one he had sold to advantage; and hearing there was a horse to be sold in a neighboring village, we drove over to see it. The animal, however, proved unsuitable; and we were about to re return home, when a bystander observed that he had 'heard say' that 'Squire Musgrave had a horse to sell.'

"'Musgrave of Fosbrooke?' inquired my brother.

"The man nodded.

"'Then we will go and see Musgrave,' said Jack, turning to me. 'It is pretty drive to Fosbrooke, and you have never been that way, I expect. It is not a favorite drive with my wife or the girls.'

"The reason was easy to see. The way lay off the high road, through a long series of fields, and every five or ten minutes we had to stop to open a gate. But it was, as Jack said, a pretty drive; and when we reached the quaint, picturesque little village of Fosbrooke, I thought it quite worth the trouble of opening some ten or a dozen gates just to see that only.

"The hall, the only large house in the place, was of a type more common in the West than in the East Riding.

"It was a substantial building of grey stone, with thick walls and wide, low, mullioned windows. The old oak in the square hall would have made a Wardour Street collector green with envy. Henry Musgrave was a fine specimen of a Yorkshireman, tall, broad-shouldered, spare, and sinewy, with a keen glance and handsome face. Although his neighbors called him 'Squire,' he made no claim to belong to the gentry. He prided himself on being a survivor of the old yeoman class. He owned some seven or eight hundred acres of land, and farmed it himself. He was a successful farmer, too, and his horses and his stock were always of the best. In the present instance the horse for sale was a gentle and beautiful creature, and I could see that Jack coveted it the moment he saw it. The only question between buyer and seller was the question of price; and, leaving my brother and Musgrave to the chaffering that seems indispensable on such occasions I made my way to the village church. It was not an interesting edifice, and had a modern 'restored' look about it. Neither was the churchyard promising in the matter of epitaphs. I wondered about from grave to grave for some time without discovering anything noteworthy. The only conspicuous monument was a tall white marble cross; but that I had rather avoided, for the inscriptions on marble crosses, however sorrowful, are seldom, from my point of view, interesting.

"This time, however, I was mistaken, for when at length I stood in front of it my attention was at once arrested by the inscription you have just read. If it struck you merely seeing it in the pages of my book, you can imagine how much greater was he effect to read it, as I did, fresh from the house of a man who, I would not swear, was near of kin to her who slept below. Between the lines of that simple inscription and brief epitaph I read a tragic story. Here a ruined life had come to an end, and a broken heart lay beneath the green sod.

"'Faithful unto death.' I pondered over the words. Had they been used in their higher sense, or did they signify the fidelity of the hapless young wife to the nameless husband, who had suffered her to lie there dishonored and unowned for more than twenty years?

"I was still gazing at the marble cross when, some time later, my brother joined me.

"'I thought I should find you here,' said he. 'No stranger passes that grave without pausing. It is a sad story. I will tell you what I know of it as we drive home.'

"This is what he told me.

"Richard Musgrave had two children, Idonea and Henry. The former was the elder by two years, and the tenderest affection subsisted between sister and brother.

"At twenty Idonea was a beautiful girl, an excellent horsewoman, and the belle of the countryside. But, though she often rode to hounds with her father, who was proud of her skill and courage, there was nothing bold or masculine about her. On the contrary, she was essentially refined and feminine in all her habits, and her manners were particularly gentle and engaging. But softness does not always mean weakness, and Idonea, for all her pretty, soft ways, had a character of universal strength and determination.

"As might be expected, she had many admirers, but she treated them all alike, and not even her father or brother had any suspicion that she cared for one of them. Great, therefore, was the surprise and consternation when one day—shortly after she had attained her majority—Idonea Musgrave disappeared. She was at home at night, she was gone in the morning; but where she went, and with whom, remains a mystery to this day. Her father's grief was terrible to witness; but, after the first wild outburst, he never mentioned her name. His sorrow was of the silent, consuming kind; his form shrank away, his hair grewwhite, and a few years later he died. Whether he had ever made any search for his daughter, whether had ever seen or heard from her, no one knew, and there was such a look on his face no one ever to ask.

"Henry was but a lad of nineteen when Idonea ran away, but trouble made a man of him at once, and he soon grew to look almost as stern and mournful as his father. His sister's flight was a bitter grief to him; but he always stood up for her, and he would of been a bold man who would have ventured to speak lightly of her in Henry's presence.

"Secret marriages seldom bring happiness, and poor Idonea's was no exception to the rule. Six months after he had buried his father, Henry was summoned to his sister's side.

"He found her in a pretty little villa in one of the London suburbs. She had two respectable servants, she was surrounded with comforts, she was handsomely dressed as she lay on her sofa, but—she was dying.

"'I did not send for you until I was sure of it,' she said, holding his hand, and looking at him with a wistful smile. 'But now you will stay with me till the end? It won't be long; and I am so lonely.'

"'But where is he? that scoundrel——' cried Henry, indignantly.

"'Hush, dear; he is my husband.'

"'Husband indeed! Then why—why—?'

"'Then why do I live alone, you would ask? That I cannot tell you. I can tell you nothing but that I am, and have been, a lawful wife from the day I left Fosbrooke. On my wedding day my husband exacted from me a solemn promise that I would not, without his leave, mention his name or any of the circumstances of our marriage. That promise has cost me dear, but I have kept it, unworthy as he has proved. Oh, it is that that kills me!' cried the poor young wife in a sudden burst of wild weeping. 'It is that that kills me! To think that I should have left my home, have broken my father's heart, have ruined my own life and clouded yours, all for the sake of one utterly unworthy of the sacrifice!'

"But when Henry besought her to at least leave behind her some indication of the place where the marriage was celebrated, she still refused.

"'I have sinned, and I have suffered bitterly; but I will not break my word. Unworthy as he is, I will be faithful to him, even unto death. God, in His own good time, will vindicate my good name.'[

"And she died, and made no sign; and Henry brought her back to Fosbrooke. For one night the lifeless body lay in the home she had forsaken; the next day she was buried; and the tall white cross stands there in that village churchyard to perpetuate the memory of the nameless and forsaken wife."

* * * * * *

Everest paused. The fire had sunk low; but the storm was still wailing and moaning without.

"Is that all?" I exclaimed, disappointed.

"Yes; what more would you have?"

"I would have the story finished—the husband found, and his named filled in on the monument."

Everest smiled.

"Yes, one cannot help wishing that; but poetic justice is seldom done in real life. Still, strange things do happen, and the truth may come out even yet. Who knows, Meredith. I have told you the beginning of the story; perhaps it may be for you to discover and tell me the end of it."

* * * * * *

I am confidential clerk to a highly-respectable London solicitor, and it sometimes happens that I am sent by my employer into the country to search for missing certificates of birth or marriage. I am fond of the country, and these expeditions, which often lead me into out-of-the-way nooks and corners, are a welcome break in the monotonous round of daily office work. Consequently, it was with much secret satisfaction that I received directions one lovely day in June, 1887, to start at once for Yorkshire.

The object of my journey was to find a certain marriage certificate necessary to enable a client to establish his claim to a fine estate, and my instructions were to search the registers of every church in a given district.

Searching registers is slow work, particularly in the country, where the churches are naturally at some distance apart, and much time is occupied in getting from one to the other. At the end of a week the object of my journey was still unachieved. The weather continued glorious, and for my own part I should have been well contented to have spent the whole summer amid the rural scenes of the East Riding. The district I had to explore was purely agricultural, and thinly populated. Some days I walked miles along the quiet country roads, with their wide grass margins, without meeting a creature. At other times my way lay beside a silent dreamy river, flowing between grassy banks fringed with tall sedges, bushy alders, and drooping willows.

How to Change the Color of Canaries.—The following is from the proceedings of the Berlin Physiological Society. Starting with the observed fact that canaries fed with cayenne-pepper acquire a ruddy plumage, Dr Saucermann has based upon it a scientific investigation of canaries, fowls, pigeons, and other birds. From these he has obtained the following results. Feeding with pepper produces an effect only when given to young birds before they moult; the color of the feathers of older birds cannot be affected. Moisture facilitates the change of color to a ruddy hue, which is again discharged under the influence of sunlight and cold. A portion of the constituents of cayenne pepper is quite inactive—as, for instance, piperine and several extractives.

Similarly the red coloring matter alone of the pepper has no effect on the color of the feathers. It is rather the triolein, which occurs in the pepper in large quantities, together with the characteristic pigment, which brings about the change of color by holding the red pigment of the pepper in solution.

Glycerine may be used instead of triolein to bring about the same result. The same statement holds good with regard to the feeding of birds with aniline colors. The red pigment of the pepper is also stored in the egg-yolk as well as in the feathers. The first appearance of the pigment in the yolk may be observed as a colored ring four days after the commencement of feeding with the pigment dissolved in fat; after a further two day's feeding, the whole yolk is colored.

African Ivory-Dealers.—The ivory-dealers of Africa are very good hands at obtaining full value for their goods; and some of the Sheffield firms find that they are not novices in fraudulent trading. They can "load" ivory quite as cleverly as others can load cottons. By pouring lead into the cavity of the tusk the weight is greatly increased; and there is no possibility of discovering the deception until the ivory has passed through various hands to the cutlery or other manufacturer. Then the workman finds the saw grind against the lead, sometimes snapping the steel teeth. One Sheffield firm recently found lead embedded in several elephants' tusks—from eight to twelve pounds weight in each. As ivory is worth twelve shillings per pound, there is a perceptible profit in selling lead at that price.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"An interesting and gratifying disclosure of the census," observes a New England exchange, "is that of the revival of the old whaling towns. The whale fishery centres, where once the coming and going of busy ships gave a lively air of industry to the wharves and streets, felt the decadence of this fishery as an almost fatal blow, and in the decades immediately succeeding the fifties remained sorrowful monuments to a great industry's decay. Now, however, they seem to be recovering their old-time energy, and it is not unlikely that an inheritance of the same enterprise which characterized them in the past will once more push them steadily forward. New Bedford, formerly the greatest whaling port on the whole coast, now boasts a population of 41,041, a grain of more than 50 per cent. since 1880, and New London, the second port in importance, has gained some 30 per cent. or more in the same time."

James H. Drake, of St. Paul, Minn., possesses a very unique scarf pin. "It is nothing more or less than a Knight of the Garter pin, of which there are none in this country with this exception, and there are but 32 in all England. The pattern is a garter of blue enamel, on which are the well-known words, in gilt lettering, surmounted by a cross whose points are set with diamonds. Several years ago Mr. Drake entertained a party of English capitalists in the Northwest. Among them was the Duke of Sutherland. When they took their departure, greatly pleased with their visit, the Duke drew the pin from his cravat and placed it in Mr. Drake's. Many times he has been stopped by Englishmen in this country who recognized one of the emblems of the leading order of England."

When he was at Odessa recently, so the story goes, the Czar of Russia visited the barracks, which had of course, been newly painted and cleaned for his inspection. The commandant, with the idea of impressing the imperial mind with the care taken of the soldiers, bired a lot of warm, bright blankets and sheepskin mats, which were placed on and by the side of the men's cots. The Czar was highly pleased, and, on leaving, turned to one of the sentries at the entrance to the dormitory and asked him if he found the blanket warm enough. "I've never tried it, Little Father," was the innocent reply; "we have no blankets but our overcoats."

Do you know how many $1 bills it takes to weigh as much as a $20 gold piece? Driving out to White Bear recently, one of those walking compendiums of useful information sprang the above query, and the opinions that it elicited showed a remarkable range. One member of the party, whose business is to handle the money in large sums, after profound thought, suggested that the number would be from 1000 to 1200. Others guessed down the line to 500, but no one less that number. After all had placed themselves on record, the compendium stated that the number of bills was 30 to 31, according to their condition as to dirtiness and to age.

The clove tree, says an English paper, was introduced into Zanzibar about the year 1830, and its cultivation now forms the principal industry of the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba. The chief supply of cloves is obtained from these islands. Consul Pratt, who has lately written a report on the clove culture of Zanzibar, says that a ten-year-old plantation should produce an average of 20 pounds of cloves to a tree. Trees of 20 years frequently produce upwards of 100 pounds each. Mr. Pratt reports that the yield of the present season will probably exceed that of any previous season, and amount to 15,000,000 pounds, averaging a local value of 10 cents per pound.

Like the horses of Vienna and the cats of New Zealand, says a foreign writer, the monkeys of Southern India are numbered among the victims of influenza. A correspondent at Kurnul gives a harrowing account of how the epidemic has spread among the monkeys of the district. The animals were quite conspicuous one day by their absence, so that everything left out to dry on terraces was undisturbed—quite an unusual experience. Next morning they were seen in groups here and there, some coughing terribly, others reeling like drunken men, and then, later on, "the unpleasant stillness that reigned under the trees which afforded them shelter, was often disturbed by the crash of a heavy monkey falling prostrate from above. The ground is dotted

Our Young Folks.

THE BURNING OF THE "KENT."

BY G. W.

"FIRE! fire! The ship's on fire!" rang out the cry on board a large troop ship, on the night of March 1 1825; and in a very few minutes, although a fierce storm was raging, the deck was crowded with despairing men, women, and children.

The vessel was the Kent, which had left England about a fortnight before, carrying troops to Bengal and China. There were 440 people in all, on board, including 344 soldiers, 43 women, and 66 children, besides private passengers, officers and crew. After leaving the Downs—the name given to the roadstead between the North and South Foreands on the Kentish coast—the weather became very bad, and grew worse and worse daily, until, on March 1, the Kent was in the midst of a terrible gale: indeed, so fierce was the wind, that no sails could be used, and the ship had to make the best progress it could under bare poles.

The Kent began to roll terribly, and matters in this respect were not improved by the fact that there were several hundreds of tons of shot and shell on board: with every lurch of the vessel the waves beat over the decks, and everything in the cabins was being tossed about in all directions.

In the midst of all this confusion, at about half past seven at night, one of the officers of the ship went below to see that everything was safely secured. It was of course very dark, so he took a lantern with him.

Making his round of inspection, he found a spirit cask rolling about, and sent some sailors for some blocks of wood in order to secure it in its place.

Directly they had left him, by some accident he dropped his lantern, and trying to regain it, let go the cask which he had been holding, and which was immediately smashed.

The spirits ran all over the place, and reaching the light, in a very few seconds the whole of that part of the lower deck was one blaze of fire.

Vain were all efforts to stay the progress of the flames, and then spread that cry, awesome enough on land, but a hundred times more terrible at sea—

"Fire! Fire! The ship's on fire!"

At once the deck was covered with a crowded and panic-stricken throng of soldiers, women, children, passengers, and crew, all expecting that each minute would be their last.

So helpless were some of the sailors that they actually seated themselves on the powder magazine, expecting that it would soon blow up, and bring them a speedy death.

One man at least on board remained cool, collected, and resolute, amid all the confusion; this was Captain Cobb, the commander of the Kent, and the very type of all that an officer should be.

Recognizing the rapid spread of the flames, and fearing lest the ship would soon blow up, he decided to flood the lower decks.

Rapidly issuing his orders to his men and to the soldiers, who were all eager to help, the lower ports were opened to the sea, and the inroad of the waves soon checked the progress of the fire.

The fear of an explosion now grew less, but a new danger threatened—the vessel had shipped so much water that it became water-logged, and it seemed that any minute it might settle down!

Which would it be—death by fire or death by drowning? This was the thought that passed through the minds of all on board.

Meanwhile the captain had not forgotten to send a sailor up to the foretop, to keep a keen look-out for any passing sail.

In consequence of the gale, however, the Kent had drifted far out of its ordinary course, and far out of the track of passing vessels, so that the watcher's task seemed almost a hopeless one.

But to the intense joy of those on deck, it was not long before the sailor's voice was heard, crying—

"A sail on the lee bow!"

Oh, welcome news to hundreds of anxious hearts, for now there was one slight chance of safety!

Minute-guns were at once fired, flags of distress were hoisted, and at last the altered movements of the distant vessel showed that the Kent had been observed.

As the ships drew near to one another it was seen that the stranger was but a small brig, and it seemed too much to hope, that she could take six hundred people on board, even if it were possible for them to be transferred in such a sea as was then raging.

However, no time was now lost in making preparations for the clearing and lowering of the boats, and many were the heart-felt prayers that went up to heaven that the Kent might neither blow up nor settle down until all on board were safe.

And yet how small was the chance may be gathered from the words of Sir Duncan Mackenzie, who was a passenger on the ill-fated vessel, and published a very thrilling account of the disaster.

"I confess," he said, "that when I reflected on the long period our ship had been already burning—on the tremendous sea that was running—on the extreme smallness of the brig, and the immense number of human beings to be saved—I could only venture to hope that a few might be spared."

The brig was now as close to the Kent as it could safely come, and, as preparations were made for launching the first boat, Colonel Fearon, who was in command of the troops, issued his instructions as to the order in which the men should embark.

"Juniors first," he said: "but see that any man is cut down who presumes to enter the boats before the means of escape are presented to the women and children."

To see that his commands were obeyed the officers stood by the boats with drawn drawn swords, but there was not the slightest rush or either soldiers or sailors, their efforts being entirely directed to saving the women and children.

With considerable difficulty the first boat was at length lowered, and anxiously did those on deck watch its progress to the brig.

The sea was raging furiously, and every minute it looked as though it would be swamped by the waves, which broke over it, nearly drowning the women and children, who, for safety, had been placed as far as possible under the boats.

At length, however, the passage was made, and the first boat-load were safely taken on board the brig, which turned out to be the Camora, bound to Vera Cruz with emigrant miners.

Each trip between the two vessels took three-quarters of an hour, so that if all were to be saved new means must be adopted for the more rapid loading of the boats.

The gale, moreover, had so increased that it became impossible for the boats to approach the Kent closely; and lowering the women and children two by two by ropes from the stern was tried.

Many of the poor children died, however, from the effects of repeated immersions before they could be taken into the boat.

And then a still more perilous method had to be adopted. A rope was slung from the end of the great boom or spar which stretched out from the mizen-mast far over the stern of the vessel, and along this slippery boom the passengers, in all the force of the tempest, had to crawl or be carried. Many were the accidents that happened, but the cool heroism of the soldiers and sailors at this crisis was beyond all praise, and eager hands were ever ready to help the weak and timid.

Day, which had dawned before the Camora was sighted, was now drawing rapidly to a close, and there were fears of another night of darkness for some of those yet left on the burning ship.

But successive trips had now reduced those on deck to a very small number, mostly massed on the boom, and these, Captain Cobb, fearing the worst, urged to drop into the sea, and try to reach the boats.

He had made up his mind to be the last to leave the ship, but finding his entreaties vain, and hearing the loaded guns which had dropped into the hold beginning to explode, he at last determined to think of his own safety, and after a perilous drop into the sea, he was taken on board one of the boats.

It is told of one sailor who had remained to the last, and had taken up his position over the powder-magazine, that he cried out in a temper—

"Well, if she won't blow up, I'll see if I can't get away from her!"—and got away he did, and was saved too, perhaps to his own surprise.

But little more remains to be told, for the long-expected explosion came at last.

Happily many of those left behind were saved, for they had sought shelter in the cuains, and clung there until taken off by the Carolina, another vessel which had been attracted to the spot by the explosion.

Of the crowded scene on board the Cambria, of the perils of tempest still to be endured before Falmouth was safely reached, of the kindness and self-sacrifice of the miners and sailors on the rescuing vessel, we cannot now speak, or another story as long as this would have to be told. "Land ahead!" was at last the welcome cry, which told all of the close of their dangerous voyage.

Of the whole number on board of the Kent, eighty-one only were lost, and only one of these was a woman. The rest included twenty children, six of the crew, and fifty four soldiers.

All honor to brave Captain Cobb for his courage and coolness, and to the officers, soldiers, and sailors, for the discipline they showed, for if such qualities had not been displayed, it is probable that not one fourth of those on board could have been saved.

IN AN ORCHARD.

ANYONE can well imagine some readers on reading this heading saying: "That is just what I should like—when the fruit is ripe!" and picturing to themselves the clusters of golden apples, the rich melting pears, the purple plums, and other fruits all hanging so temptingly; but I am not going to write of the fruit of the orchard, but of the birds which congregate there.

It is early in spring, there is a coldness in the air, and naturally so—for is not the wind in the N.E.?—still, the sun is shining gloriously, with scarcely a cloud to be seen. On entering at the little wicket gate almost the first object which catches the eye is a bird's nest—the nest of the missel-thrush.

Poor foolish bird! your nest will be most surely destroyed; for is it not placed in a conspicuous position, scarcely three yards from the public road, in the fork of an apple-tree just above the ground, with a footpath passing close to it?

The poor mother seems to think she has made a mistake by the frantic manner in which she flies about when she is disturbed by your footsteps, daring you, as it were, to touch the four eggs already deposited there.

Hopping about in the same tree is the little blue-tit, trying each bud to see if there is an insect in it, now here, now there, incessantly on the move; but although I watched for some time and saw it eat many insects, I did not notice it destroy one bud, and the popular idea that this is a destructive bird, is, I think, erroneous.

I wonder whether you are the little gentleman or lady who built your nest, or perhaps first saw the light, in my letter-box, just the other side of the road. If so, I would like to tell you that you are quite welcome to do so again, and the postman will get strict orders not to molest you by dropping in the letters, although the first time you took up your abode there you were so disturbed.

I remember how, in spite of molestation, you manfully stuck to your guns or rather nest, and would not be denied; it was wise of you to be determined and your courage was rewarded, for no cats could possibly get at your little ones there, until they were ready to shift for themselves, and launch out into the wide, wide world.

In another tree is the "creeper," running up and down the trunk, sometimes upside down, sometimes downside up, it doesn't matter to him—he does not get a headache; but why is he in such a hurry? all the day is before him; is it because his prey is quick and cunning that he has to work so hard for his livelihood? For his food consists of small beetles, spiders, and caterpillars.

There are some long-tailed tits, four or five of them, which generally go about in little flocks, making a continual chirping. I saw one have a good catch—in the form of a larva of some beetle or moth; it was quite an effort for the little creature to get down, though as soon as it was gone the bird was off again to happy hunting grounds.

Here is the little cole-tit engaged in the same occupation as his uncles, his aunts, and his cousins, namely, in providing food for themselves and their households. There are numbers too of the great tit, with his black throat and yellowish green breast—the handsomest and the largest of them all.

What is that sharp shrill note coming from the fir-tree? Surely that must be a large bird to make so much noise. No, that is the wren, the little Jenny-wren and Kitty-wren; one of the smallest of our birds and perhaps one of the most engaging. He is bold and yet he is shy—bold in his song, shy in escaping observation; for he will creep in and out of the hedge so quickly that the eye can scarcely follow him, and whilst you are peering in to see where he can possibly have gone you suddenly hear his bold voice some dozen yards away.

One of these birds has taken possession of a small greenhouse next to the house, and does a great deal of good, for is he not daily devouring thousands of those nasty aphides—the little green insects which infest so many of our plants? Orders have been given that he is not to be disturbed, neither will he be—unless by the cats. In the same tree is another mite, the prettiest bird of all—the gold crest, with its crest of burnished gold and its body of yellowish green.

And all these are happy as the days are long, flitting and twittering, and enjoying life's golden hours—a microscopic illustration of the text: "And God saw everything that He had made; and behold it was very good."

Such are some of the things which were seen in half an hour's quiet walk in an orchard, binocular in hand.

DORA AND HER BIRD.—"Oh, pussy, how could you be so cruel!" said Dora, as she bent her head over a poor dead bird in her lap.

Pussy came peeping round the corner of the settee on which Dora was sitting. She gave a faint mew, and Dora looked down angrily upon her.

"Go away, naughty pussy, go away. I will never love you again," she said.

Dora's mother was sitting in the room.

"You should not be angry with pussy," said she; "it is sad that she has killed your bird, but it is pussy's nature to catch birds and mice and eat them. I'm afraid that it was partly your own fault that pussy got to the bird, for you forgot to ask Ann to hang up the cage on the hook where it would be out of reach of pussy. And so it was left on the table in the breakfast room, and the cat went in early in the morning and sprang at the cage and killed the poor little bird."

"My poor little Dicky," sobbed Dora. "He will not sing any more;" and Dora burst into another fit of crying.

Her mother tried to comfort her, but Dora could not stop crying.

"My bird, my dear little bird," she said over and over again.

"We will put the bird into a nice little box with some moss in it, and take it into the garden and bury it by the primroses," said her mother; and you can put a white stone over it, and we will sow some seeds there, and then you can watch them growing over the little grave."

"Yes," said Dora, getting down slowly from her seat, "I shall like that. Will you get the box, mother, and then we can go into the garden."

So Dora and her mother went into the garden and buried the little bird deep down in the ground.

But all day long the tears kept coming into Dora's eyes, and she said—

"My dear bird! I wish I had not forgotten about your cage. My poor little bird. I shall always feel sorry about you."

THE SIGHT.—Of all the five senses—the sight, the hearing, the taste, the smell, by which one acquires a knowledge of the external world, the form, the color and the other properties of matter, the sense of sight is the most important.

With the sense of touch and taste, we are brought into immediate contact with the objects of our examination; with the organ smell, we inhale from a short distance the radiatory or the floating effluvia; the sound of the troubled ocean, or the gale which disturbs it, or the thunder which rolls above is heard from afar; but the eye carries us to the remotest horizon around, glances upwards beyond the voiceless air, though the planetary regions where worlds are but stars, through the siderial zones where suns are too small to be seen, and to that more distant homes where imagination drops her wings, and reason ceases to be our guide. The sight alone pierces into the dwellings of animalcular life, expands the material atom into a world—lays open the prolific cell of vegetable and animal organization and displays to the astonished inquirer the structure of those wonderful tissues which cover the fountains of intellectual and animal life. A great modern poet has described a state of the world in which The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wonder darkling in eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth,
Swung blind and blackening in moonless air.

If you cannot be happy in one way, be in another, and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after happiness like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat while it is in his hand or on his head.

SALLY—"Captain Shuffles says the harbor is full of sharks, and I am awfully afraid of them, aren't you?" Clarice—"Oh, I'm not afraid. The Captain told me that they were all man-eating sharks."

STRANGERS OR FRIENDS?

BY T. S. A.

Strangers or friends, I wonder which are we,
Who were like sweethearts in the days of old?
We live, 'tis true; but love lies dead and cold;
And one another now we seldom see.

I tired of you, and you grew tired of me;
Or p'r'aps our love was but a search for gold,
Useless and vain; so let the truth be told;
But, after all, what are we going to be—
Strangers or friends?

The world is wide; to-morrow we may meet
With face to face: am I to pass you by
Without so much as just one reason why?
Are we to meet to-morrow in the street,
Strangers or friends?

HORSE DEALER'S TRICKS.

Though, nowadays, there are plenty of respectable horse dealers with whom an intending purchaser may enter into negotiations with just as little chance of being swindled as he would have in approaching straightforward members of any other profession, it is undeniable that there is an immense amount of roguery connected with the buying and selling of man's best friend.

The wonder is that so many blacklegs manage to make a living by patching up unsound animals and palming them off upon the unwary as first class horses.

No one who is not a good judge of horseflesh should ever purchase a horse without obtaining the opinion of a properly-qualified veterinary surgeon regarding it.

This is a matter requiring only a trifling expenditure, and though it is on the cards that the "vet" may be deceived upon some minor point, it is very unlikely that this will be the case.

Our object is to expose some of the more usual dodges of the professional "coper," who spends the best part of his time in endeavoring to make unsound and worn out horses assume a temporary appearance of soundness and youth.

It will be found that a member of this fraternity is usually very chary of giving a written warranty with the animal he sells.

He will laud it to the skies verbally, and exhaust his vocabulary in detailing its many perfections; but, when it comes to putting his opinion on paper, he will, in nine cases out of ten be found to develop a reticence as marked as the profusion of his praise by word or by mouth.

The explanation of this is simple. The giving of a false written warranty is an offence which is recognized by the law, and which subjects one guilty of it to heavy penalties.

Verbal statements, on the contrary, are of little value in sustaining a claim for compensation.

The "coper" is fully alive to these facts and to the important bearing that they have upon his business transactions.

Unfortunately for the would be astute purchaser, he has generally a certain amount of superfical knowledge as to the way with which a horse should show his good and bad points.

Probably, he is well aware of the fact that his age can be ascertained by an examination of his teeth, and has primed himself accordingly with information as to the manner in which this test may be applied.

His researches will have informed him that the forty teeth with which a horse becomes eventually endowed do not all put in an appearance until the age of five has been passed; that the front teeth acquire a natural cavity at the age of five and a half; and that, as the animal advances in years, these cavities become filled until they are non existent in a horse over eight years old, which is known as "aged," and is not looked upon with favor by purchasers.

When a "horse coper" gets hold of an aged steed which he wishes to pass off as being still in the bloom of youth, he has a way of scooping out the surface of the teeth with the aid of a tool similar to that used by an engraver, and then applying a hot iron, with the result that a mark is made sufficiently resembling that impressed by nature to deceive any one who has but an elementary knowledge of the anatomy of horses.

By this process of "bishoping," as it is called, an aged horse may, provided that its teeth are sound, be made to assume the appearance of an animal of five, six, or seven years old, at the will of the "coper."

Another method of defrauding the unwary purchaser by manipulating a horse's teeth lies in the abstraction of the milk teeth, which at the third year, are supplanted by the permanent one.

The object of this is precisely opposite to that of the process which we have just described; for, by pulling out the milk teeth, the growth of the successors is accelerated, and the young horse is thus made to assume an appearance of greater age than really belongs to it.

Perhaps the most brutal of the "coper's" cruel tricks is the one resorted to in the case of a horse which is lame in one shoulder.

This seemingly fatal defect is obviated by the removal of the shoe from the corresponding leg and the insertion between it and the hoof of a bean, small stone, nail head, or some similar article.

An artificial lameness is thus produced, which has the effect of making the wretched animal go straight, at all events for a time. It is rather hard to imagine how two wrongs can make a right in this way, but it is an undoubted fact that the helpless horse finding itself unable to hobble on either leg, is constrained to run as though both were sound.

"Bobbies" are favorites with the "coper". We do not mean the members of the police force who are sometimes known by that disrespectful name (the swindlers of whom we are speaking no doubt regard them with the same amount of aversion as other questionable characters do), but horses which, owing to a disease of the vertebral column, are absolutely incapacitated from carrying any weight upon their backs, and which are given this title by members of the horsey fraternity.

Many beasts, with actions beyond reproach, are afflicted by this disease. So long they are merely trotted up and down the yard, they appear faultless, but when the gulled purchaser attempts to mount them, the truth is soon discovered.

Such tricks as splicing false hair on the inadequate tails which adorn some steeds are comparatively harmless, and are not confined to the "coper."

Many of the sweeping appendages which may be admired in the Park are taken off, and hung up upon a convenient peg on their wearer's return to the stable, leaving bald stumps that lend a very ridiculous air to the horses thus made to emulate the devices of some members of the gentle sex to whom nature has not been too kind in the matter of tresses.

"Puffing the glims" is the "coper's" term for doing away with the depressions that appear over the eyes of an old horse, proclaiming in unmistakable language the fact he has passed his prime. The skin over the cavity is punctured and the manipulators blows into the hole, with the result that the brow becomes as well rounded as that of any young horse.

Horses that will not allow themselves to be harnessed are made to assume the appearance of serviceable beasts by shaving away from their quarters a quantity of hair where it gets worn by the breeching; and so the games goes on.

If we wish to be just judges of all things, let us first persuade ourselves of this, that there is not one of us without fault.

Grains of Gold.

If you want to feel right, do right.

A wicked man is his own gravedigger.

It is a thousand times better to suffer than to sin.

A fool thinks he is right because he can't see very far.

A man who makes no enemies is never a positive force.

No man can please God who does not love his own soul.

Every dollar a good man owns has the name of God on it.

Ability wins us the esteem of the true among men; luck that of the people.

A bitter jest, when it comes too near the truth, will leave a sharp sting behind it.

God never looks at a man's deeds to find out what he is. He looks right into his heart.

Philosophy goes no further than probabilities, and in every assertion keeps doubt in reserve.

Every community is crowded with people who want the best in every thing, except in religion.

There are three things which ought to be considered before some things are spoken, viz: manner, the time and the place.

Femininities.

Marriage is a lottery in which we all draw something—usually a baby carriage.

The best natured man down town is the man who has women folks at home to grumble at.

A Harlem bride received, among her wedding presents, a receipted gas bill of $17 from her father.

Four of the 231 census enumerators in Maine were women, and the Supervisor finds their reports are without mistakes.

The memoirs of the ex-Empress Eugenie will be published after her death, and not in the immediate future, as has been stated.

A Kentville, N. S., paper tells a story of a man buying an orange for a sick wife and returning it the next day, with the announcement that she was dead. It says the story is vouched for.

A young woman who pays a large amount of taxes in Parsons claims the right to pasture her cows in the school-house grounds because she never had any children to send to the school.

"Yes," said she, dreamily, "I must confess to having seen 22 summers." "And the same number of winters, I suppose?" "Oh, the winters don't count. I am never engaged in the winter."

A Danish young lady, a first class passenger on a steamer which arrived in New York recently, refused to travel to Detroit in a parlor car, preferring to go with her compatriots on an emigrant train.

"How is it that you never go anywhere with your husband?" "It's because he's such a stickler for principle. He says that a woman should never allow herself to receive attentions from married men."

A Detroit paper points with pride to a Michigan woman, Mrs. C. A. Parker, of Adison, who has just completed a rug containing over 700 roses, each rose having five pieces, thus making 3500 pieces in all.

Mrs. Leland Stanford lately paid $85 for fifty cards to be used as menus for one of her big dinners. The map of the United States was stamped in silver on the cards, and the drawings and engraving were exquisite.

A lady of Kursk started in the middle of July for St. Petersburg. She intended to make her way, a distance of about 1200 versts, on horseback, within 20 days. A class of velocipedists escorted her to Orel on their wheels.

"Did any man ever kiss you before, darling?" "Before—to-day? No, Edward, you are the first." And the recording angel didn't need to drop a tear to blot out the lie, for he was the first that had kissed her that day.

Marseilles, in France, is headquarters for the sale of false hair. Twenty bales of Chinese human hair recently arrived there, and Yum Yum's and Fou Fou's headgear will be manufactured into curls, frizzes and crimps for American ladies.

A young woman in New York is in trouble because she threatened to break the head of an elderly suitor if he did not stay away from her grandmother. The suspected lovers are each about 70 years old and both deny the soft impeachment.

There is a family living in Athens, Ga., whose head delights in long names for the children. The first child is named Mary Magalina Mandy Mectum Elizabeth Betsy Polly Mack Barrett; the second child is named Alice Georgia Ann Yoreno Barrett, and so forth.

"What is your husband doing now?" asked a woman of one of her neighbors. "Oh, he's speculating." "speculating! I didn't know he had any capital." "He hasn't. He just sits down an' speculates about the tariff and the political situation an' that sort of thing."

Mary Jane, ready to retire: "Come, Susan Ann, ain't you 'most ready to go to bed?" Susan Ann, amazed: "What! and leave this room without bein' set to rights? My lan'! Mary Jane, what sort o' housekeepers do you reckon burglars would think we are if they should come in here to-night?"

A lady of Bremen, Me., has a parrot and a cat. The cat is named Shag. The lady has taught the parrot to spell c-a-t cat, d-o-g dog, and a few such words, and the other day Polly electrified the household by spelling very loudly and plainly c-a-t, and then pronouncing it "Shag." Perhaps Polly can't think.

One of the dancers in a theatre in Berlin was found dead in her bed, and it was supposed that she had committed suicide; but a post mortem examination showed that she died from heart failure, due to tight lacing. The liver of the unfortunate young woman was horribly deformed and crushed out of shape.

A Maine sea captain has a servant girl who was sold to him at one of the South Sea Islands when she was only five years old. Those who sold her were cannibals, and they evidently took the captain for one of their sort, but were mistaken. The girl was educated and well trained, and attends to her duties well.

Philo Penfield, of Shelby, N. Y., when he went to the war a beardless boy, sent his best girl a picture of himself, but it was lost. He recently saw his name in a list of letters accumulated in the dead letter office during the war. He sent for the parcel, and to the now old man the young picture brings a flood of memories of other days.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley have a solid silver dinner service consisting of 36 table forks, 24 table spoons, 24 dessert spoons, 24 dessert forks, 24 teaspoons, 1 soup ladle, 2 gravy spoons, 4 sauce ladles, 18 dessert knives, 18 dessert spoons, 18 dessert forks, 36 ice spoons, 4 helping spoons, pair grape scissors, pair sugar tongs, 4 dessert dishes, 1 epergne, 4 entree dishes, 2 candelabra, 2 chased beakers and 2 sauce boats.

Mr. Cuttagelove: "Doctor, I wish you would call around at the house about next Friday." Doctor: "Why? You haven't been exposed to contagion or anything of that sort, have you?" "No; but, you see, our cook leaves Monday, and my wife is bound to try her hand at cooking till we break up for the summer. It isn't myself that I am anxious about, but as it is the millinery, Mrs. Cuttagelove, you won't fail to come around, will you?"

Masculinities.

Self love, my liege, is not so vile a sin as self neglecting.

It is risky business trying to get to heaven on your wife's church membership.

"Does your wife ever let you have the last word?" "No, sir; I married a widow."

The criminal is open to conviction, but it doesn't take the law a great while to shut him up.

A gun is liable to go off when it is loaded. When a man is in that condition he should go home.

We shall not know each other there if we are to identify our neighbor by what is said on his tombstone.

No one knows where corn came from, but many can tell where it goes to by the feeling next morning.

It is said that the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin does more fishing and catches fewer fish than any other man in Maine.

A citizen of Griffin, Ga., planted nearly a quarter of an acre with morning glories, thinking they were potato slips.

The cigarette trust threatens to raise the price of cigarettes. The cigarette trust would seem to be a blessing in disguise.

Electric roads exceed 25 per cent of the mileage and of the number of street railways in this country and in Canada.

A tennis shoe, a bracelet, a restaurant, a carpet, a tooth powder and polish for silver have been named after Stanley's bride.

Silk from paper pulp is made smooth and brilliant, has about the same elasticity as ordinary silk and is about two-thirds as strong.

An amateur editor in Indianapolis has made a fortune by his pen. His father died of grief after reading one editorial, and left him $130,000.

Violets and rose leaves delicately candied, are for sale at $5 a pound. Gold dragées, a plain round candy dipped in gold, cost $10 a pound.

The person who never made a fool of himself is one who was spared that trouble by an overruling Providence. It is only they who stand that can fall.

"That was an appropriate flower Lord Impecune wore when he was married to Virginia Hostel." "I had not heard of it. What was it?" "A marigold."

The present Pope never leaves his own rooms until they have been swept and dusted, which is done as soon as he rises. He then closes all the doors and windows and takes the keys away with him.

"Are you aware, sir," said the man in the rear fiercely, "that your umbrella is poking me in the eye?" "It isn't my umbrella!" replied the man just in front with equal fierceness. "It's a borrowed one, sir."

Three Castles, Mass., boys are under arrest charged with train wrecking by placing a heavy tie across the track. One of the boys has confessed that he put stones on the track some time ago "to see the train jump."

New neighbor, in Chicago: "Good morning, my little dear. I saw you out walking with a very fine-looking gentleman last evening. Is he your papa?" Little girl: "Yes, sir, an' he's one of the nicest papas I ever had."

Tramp, piteously: "Please help a poor cripple." Kind old gent, handing him some money: "Bless me! why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?" Tramp, pocketing the money: "Financially crippled, sir."

Mr. Spurgeon, the famous London divine, is nothing if not eccentric in his pulpit efforts. His last bit of originality is a sermon extolling illness as a blessing. He contends that every fresh twist of rheumatism chastens the spirit.

A coroner's inquest in Chicago revealed the fact that the supposed mother of the dead infant had imposed on her husband and had palmed off a child from an orphan asylum as their offspring. The husband was intensely angered and refused to be conciliated.

Ferdinand Schiffer, a New York saloon keeper, weighing 300 pounds, while sitting on the aft rail of a ferry-boat recently, was lurched overboard. He couldn't swim, but didn't sink. A passing steamboat saw him, and had to rig a derrick to lift him on deck.

A girl named Weston, while on her way home to Jourdin, N. S., deposited a lighted pipe which she had been smoking in her pocket, and set her clothes on fire. Becoming frightened, she started to run and was soon enveloped in flames. She ran half a mile before falling to the ground dead.

A Geneva, N. Y., paper says a well known undertaker of that town has ornamented his show window with a miniature cemetery, with tombstones and all the et ceteras. The monuments bear the names of some of the boys about town, the epitaphs being quite suggestive. One, for instance, reads: "No rest for the wicked."

It is told of an American millionaire who bought a castle on the Rhine that one cold day his daughter found him warming his hands at a fire which he had kindled in a suit of plate armor. "O, papa, what have you been doing?" she cried. "The feller that patented that stove," replied the lord of the castle, "must have been crazy; but I've made the old thing heat up at last."

The life of a pilot is filled with delightful uncertainties. He is like a sealed bottle tossed on the waves of the ocean. He may be picked up in a day, and he may be carried over the sea for months and a week before some passing steamer comes to "rescue him." A pilot boat left New York a few days ago prepared for a two weeks' cruise. Within fourteen hours from the time she left the bay she was at Staten Island, all her pilots having been taken off by incoming steamers. She put to sea again and started up the coast. One of her sister boats [illegible] spent another fourteen days [illegible] came out [illegible] Sandy Hook, [illegible] New York and Newport [illegible]

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The August number of the *Eclectic Magazine* opens with a masterly paper by Prof. J De Luys on Hypnotism. Mrs. Crawford's "Mute Witnesses of the Revolution" gives an account of the Revolutionary exhibition recently held in Paris. A very entertaining paper is on "African Pygmies." Two suggestive studies in literature are the articles by George Saintsbury on "Thomas De Quincey" and by Prof. Dowden on "The Poetry of John Donne." The subject of "Trusts in the United States," is presented under the heading of "Can Women Combine?" Wilfrid Ward touches an important issue in his 'New Wine in Old Bottles." Prof. Huxley has a paper entitled "Lights of the Church and Lights of Science. Rudyard Kipling contributes a short story, and there are several striking poems. The minor articles are thoughtful and suggestive.

The September number of *the Magazine of Art* begins with George DuMaurier's "The Illustrating of Books." "The Modern Schools of Painting and Sculpture, is illustrated by the *Grands Prix* at the Paris Exhibition." "Current Art" has for illustrations "Last Boat" and "Light of Light." Mr. Williamson continues his interesting researches into "The Development of Illustrated Journalism in England," with illustrations. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald gives illustrated descriptions of the great Roman Catholic College of Stonyhurst. Miss Mabel Robinson writes on "Francis I, as an Art Patron," and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse a humorous poem, entitled "At the Academy," illustrated by still more humorous drawings. The frontispiece to the part is a highly finished etching after Munkacsy's picture of "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to His Daughters."—Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

The September number of *The Quiver* opens with an illustrated article by Professor W. G. Blaikie, on the great American evangelist Jonathan Edwards. Devotional papers are contributed to this number by the Rev. Drs. Hugh Macmillan and J. R. Macduff, and the Revs. P. B. Power and W. Murdoch Johnston. Sunday-school teachers will find the International Lessons for the month sketched for them in the "Scripture Lessons for School and Home," while organists and chair leaders will find in the number a new hymn-tune by Dr. A. H. Mann, the organist of King's College, Cambridge. The author of "How to be Happy though Married" contributes a suggestive paper on "Work and Rest," and a missionary working in China sends an account of "A Chinese Wedding."—Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

THE PLAINS OF EASE.—We read in *Pilgrim's Progress* the following words: "They came to a delicate plain called Ease, where they went with much content; but that plain was but narrow, so they quickly got over it." Probably most of us are in the habit of feeling that the plains of ease in our lives are but narrow, and that we quickly get over them; and we feel it with regret. There is a natural inclination to cling to what is comfortable, and to believe that a continuance of that state would always remain pleasing to us. After a hard day's work, we rightly welcome the rest which evening brings, the quiet home, the refreshing walk, the inspiring music, the companionship of friends. But we forget that it is the hard day's work that has made these things so delightful to us—that without that they would soon become a wearisome monotony, harder to be endured than any toil.

MILK.—Milk is very frequently colored by means of annatto. This color is perfectly harmless; technically of course it is an adulteration, being a foreign substance. Some cows, notably Jersey cows, will produce a rich yellow-looking milk; but these are the exceptions and not the rule. Genuine fresh cow's milk is often deficient in color, particularly when the milk-cow is beginning to run dry. Most people are unaware that pure butter made from pure milk is, as a rule, of the color of a composite candle—i. e., a dead white. Such butter though often consumed in this state by the farmer himself, who knows what he is about, would be unsaleable to the general public. For the public will have brown eggs; yellow butter, and highly-colored—or what they call "rich"—milk. Annatto and more often still sucstitutes made from aniline dyes aid the butter-maker and the dairyman; and we are familiar with the result.

TROUBLE OVER A DEAD ELEPHANT.—East India papers describe the difficulty attending the disposal of the body of an elephant at Nowsaree, as illustrating the Indian saying that an elephant must be buried where it dies. It appear that a tame elephant, which had been kept at Nowsaree for many years past, died suddenly. The news was at once telegraphed to Baroda, and sanction for expenses incidental to the burial of the animal was obtained. The local authorities then held a council as to how the remains should be removed to a distant part of the town, where they could be interferred without endangering the health of the inhabitants. It was suggested that the body should be cut up into pieces, which might then be removed and disposed of, but this idea was rejected. It was then resolved to drag the remains out of the town, and with that object to pull down one of the walls within which the animal had been confined. Hundreds of coolies were pressed into the service, and a number of carpenters, ironsmiths, and other artisans were engaged to construct a huge car on wheels to convey the dead animal But the body, which weighed several tons, could not be lifted, much less removed from the place where it was. Various attempts were made for three days, but they were baffled they resolved to adopt the suggestion made at the outset, and eventually caused the body to be cut into pieces, which were then buried at a short distance from the place.

CHARACTER MAKING.—With all our many appliances for spreading knowledge and disciplining the mind, and our rightful interest in the work, there are a few who would not agree, that, important as it is, the building up of moral character outweighs it in its serious results upon the welfare of the community. A poor education is a thing greatly to be regretted; but a poor character is far more lamentable. That a workman should be unable to read or write in a land like ours is truly deplorable; but that he should be an idler, a drunkard, or a cheat, is much worse. Who would not prefer to employ the youth who, with the mere rudiments of learning, was trustworthy, rather than one who, with talents and education, was lacking in integrity? And what community would not be more happy and prosperous, if the citizens were honorable, law-abiding, and conscientious, than if, without these qualities, they were adepts in all the scholarship of the age?

THE CROWN PRINCE.—The present Crown Prince of Germany will be eight years old next May. He is a very "bumptious" young man, very fully aware of the prominence of his position, and requiring all the authority of his very dictatorial father, the only person whose rule he recognizes, to keep him in order. The emperor soon after his accession to the throne, found his turbulent heir in the act of cuffing and kicking one of his little brothers. On being commanded to stop, the boy replied: "Leave me alone! I'm the Crown Prince of Germany, and I have a right to whip whom I please." "Very good," responded his father; "but I am the Emperor of Germany, and I have a right to whip the Crown Prince." So, suiting the action to the word he bestowed upon his cantankerous little son a sound thrashing.

WOMAN IN COREA.—That seclusion of women in Corea is carried to the utmost limit. Ladies out of doors wear a green mantle which covers the whole countenance except the eyes. Nor do they willingly let even their eyes be seen. "It seemed odd," says the author of Life in Corea, "that each woman we met should have arrived at that moment at her home; but, as we learned later on, women have a right of *entree* everywhere, and to avoid us they turned into the nearest house at hand." Other travellers recount that the women are taught to shun the opposite sex from their girlhood. They are also often exhorted to talk as little as may be to their own husbands.

AN AFRICAN TRAVELLER'S RUSE.—The black porters of Africa will enter into any engagements a traveller likes, but they always mean to run away on the first opportunity. Professor Drummond, in his *Tropical Africa*, gives an amusing account of his cure for this evil. "Moolu peered into my tent with the streak of dawn to announce a catastrophe. Four of the men had run away during the night. All was going so well yesterday that I flattered myself I was to be spared this traditional experience—the most exasperating of all the traveller's woes, for the whole march must be delayed until fresh recruits are enlisted to carry the deserters' loads. The delinquents were all Bandawe men. They had no complaint; they stole nothing; it was a simple case of want of pluck. They were going into a strange land, the rainy season was coming on, their loads were full weight, so they got home-sick and ran. I had three more Bandawe men in the caravan, and knowing that the moment they heard the news they would go and do likewise, I ordered them to be told what had happened and then sent to my tent. In a few moments they appeared, but what to say to them? Their dialect was quite strange to me, and yet I felt I must impress them somehow. Like the judge putting on the black cap, I drew my revolver from under my pillow, and, laying it before me, proceeded to address them. Beginning with a few general remarks on the weather, I first briefly sketched the geography of Africa, and then broke into an impassioned defence of the British Constitution. The three miserable sinners—they had done nothing in the world—quaked like aspens. I then followed up my advantage by intoning, in a voice of awful solemnity, the enunciation of the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid; and then threw my all into a blood curdling 'Quod erat demonstrandum.' Scene two followed when I was alone; I turned on my pillow and wept for shame. It was a prodigious piece of rascality, but I cannot imagine anything else that would have done—and it succeeded perfectly. These men were to the end the most faithful I had. They felt thenceforth they owed me their lives; for, according to African custom, the sins of their fellow tribesmen should have been visited upon them with the penalty of death."

HEREDITARY BLUSHING.—The tendency to blush is inherited. Dr. Burgess gives the case of a family, consisting of a father, mother, and ten children; all of whom, without exception, were prone to blush to a most painful degree. The children were grown up; and some of them were sent to travel in order to wear away this diseased sensibility, but nothing was of the slightest avail.

ARISTOCRATIC PEASANTS.—Says a Parisian correspondent: Frog fishing was the pastime in which certain ladies and gentlemen who were guests at a country house near Paris indulged in a few summers since. This year, however, new diversions for the hot season have been devised by the guests of a popular Countess. These sports are of the Arcadian model, and such as might have been suggested and patronized by Marie Antoinette in her Petit Trianon At the forthcoming Fete of the Countess each guest is to wear peasant costume of the elegant Watteau type. Genuine huts or cabins are to be erected in a park, and in them the sham country lads and lasses will meet to flirt, dance, drink milk or cider, and eat strawberries and cream. This is fresco fancy dress fete of aristocratic peasants will be wound up by a ball in the courtyard of the Chateau, the musicians being placed on garland-wreathed hogsheads, as in the good old times. The idea of these rural pastimes is of course, not quite new in this country, as it was developed to a considerable extent by a noted literary lady on her farm some time ago; but the latest venture of this description has some original elements which are destined to make it successful.

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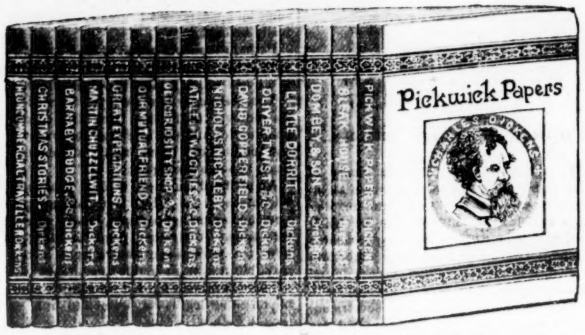

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Humorous.

A SATISFACTORY BALANCE.

A bachelor of forty he,
A man of culture, pride, and wealth;
A maid of twenty summers she,
With sparkling eyes and glowing health.

He wooed, but not as others have,
With loving words more sweet than true,
He laid his bank book in her hand,
And merely turned to "Balance due."

She raised her eyes; his cause was won—
A maid of sterling sense was she.
He clasped her to his manly breast,
And now a married man is he.

—U. N. Nose.

Old Sexton—"Do you see that bald headed old crank in the corner seat under the gallery?"

New Usher—"Yes; who is he?"

Old Sexton—"That's old Bixlets; he insists on having that seat so as to be near the door in case of fire; but when he goes to the theatre to see a spectacular show and can't get a seat with his nose over the footlights, he wears in a manner which would make a tugboat captain green with envy."

Gosso—"Just imagine the case now, Faddie. If you were in a burning house with your wife and mother-in-law, and could save but one, which one would it be?"

Faddie, having scratched his head thoughtfull,—"Why, myself."

That baby will never be a good business man. He has no enterprise." "Why not?" "Why, the little idiot went and got born the day after the census man was here."

Between two horns—hesitating between gin fizz and whisky straight.

Gus Snooks—"Confidentially, doctor what did Miss Gaygirl die of?" Doctor—"Heart failure." Gus Snooks—"I thought there was something the matter with her heart when she refused my hand last Winter."

The happy medium—The one who has not been exposed.

Very few persons can hold their own on their first sea voyage.

Castles in the air do not bring in any rent.

The gravedigger is always getting into a hole in the pursuit of his occupation.

Lady—"I heard you had a fire here and are selling goods at a bargain?" Butcher—"That's right, ma'am. Look at those fine hams for fourteen cents a pound, only slightly damaged by smoke!"

The receiver is as bad as the thief, but neither of them feels as bad as the loser.

Speaking of the total depravity of human nature, have you every noticed that nothing makes a doctor so happy as to discover some new disease?

Pretty young lady to middle aged gentleman as she falls against him on rounding a curve or the "L"—Excuse me, sir; I hope I didn't hurt you.

Middle-aged gentleman—Not much! I shall only feel hurt if you don't do it again.

First citizen, at a street row: "Is that man lying in the ambulance one of the fighters?"

Second citizen: "No, he was passing at the time and tried to stop the fight. There go the fighters walking off now."

Curtomer to storekeeper: "Why have you got the sign 'pull' on that door? The door doesn't open except dy yushing."

Storekeeper: "That's all right. If the sign read 'push,' everyone would pull."

Accepted Suitor: "But won't you find it awkward, Blanche, when you meet your first husband in heaven." Pretty Widow. My dear George, I am not a bit afraid of that ever happening.

"Of course," said Jenks, "I am an anti-slavery man, but I would like to see a messenger boy put up at auction just once." "Why," "It would be so interesting to see him when he was going, going."

Tommy: "Pa, may I ask you a question?" "Pa: "Certainly, my child." Tommy: "Where is the wind when it doesn't blow?"

"Papa," said a talkative girl, "am I made of dust?" "No, my child. If you were you would dry up once in a while."

A man told his daughter that if she learned to work he would give her a surprise. She learned the art, and he surprised her by discharging the servant girl.

Visitor: "What is that which no man wants, no man has, and no man can get rid of?" Small boy: "My sister Mary."

"Miss Bronson and I fell out of a ham mock yesterday."

"Well, did that break the ice?"

"No, but it smashed the piazza."

Husband: "The photographer is ready to take your portrait." Photographer: "Yes, all ready. Look pleasant please!" Wife, before the camera: "My dear, I think you had better go into the other room!"

He: "It is strange, dear, we cannot speak without quarrelling." She: "And yet, when we quarrel, we don't speak."

An absent minded parson who wished to impress upon his congregation that "we should not bow the knee to an idol" astonished them by saying that "we should not bow the eye to a needle."

Mrs. Magnus Scott (predared to go out): Does this gold necklace match the white lace of my dress? Mr. Magnus Scott: It does. Mrs. M. S.: Would silver look better and cooler? Mr. M. S.: It would not. Mrs. M. S.: How does my hair look? Mr. M. S.: Comme il faut. Mrs. M. S.: Is my bonnet on straight? Mrs. M. S.: Very. Can you see the holes in my socks?—

A dog may be said to have reached his end when he gets the tip of his tail in his mouth.

System of the German Army.—It is impossible to conceive a more thorough system than that on which the German army is based. In every village there is a certain sum of money deposited in the town-hall which is sufficient to keep all the soldiers in the village in food for thirty days after the declaration of war. Next to the town-hall are the armoury, arsenal, and barracks of the place. Here are the cannon and the smaller arms, the ammunition, and every requisite for war. The officers live in the building. Scattered throughout the village are the soldiers. Those who pass the first term of service are engaged in various occupations. Every horse in the village is duly ticketed and appraised. At stated times the horse is taken from his position in the shafts of a carriage or butcher's, baker's, or candlestick-maker's cart, mounted by a soldier, or hitched to a gun-carriage, drilled into his business, and returned politely to his owner. The instant war breaks out the horse becomes the property of William II. This condition of things exists in every corner of the empire. The instant the Emperor decides on war the entire telegraphic and railroad service is turned over to the State; the shoemaker in the village dons his uniform, jumps upon his neighbor's horse, reports himself at the barracks; the bag of money is put in the gun-carriage; and within a few hours the entire force of the village, town, or city is standing in the road ready mounted and thoroughly equipped for active service. Everything is arranged, all contingencies are foreshadowed, and an army of three million men stands waiting for orders within a few hours after the declaration of war.

What Can a Woman Do?—She can laugh with her lips—make a man think she is the merriest cricket in the world, while her eyes are full of unshed tears and her heart is beating as if it would burst. She can forgive a great sin like an angel and nag a man about a petty vice like an importation from the lower regions. She can fix over old frocks and wear them with a cheerful heart that she may help somebody, and she can spend the first money that she really feels that she can use for herself in going to a *matinee* and on sweets when she knows she needs a new pair of shoes. She can quiet a baby with one or two reassuring pats when a man might almost knock the life out of it; give it a whole bottle of soothing syrup, and it would still be open eyed and aggressive. She can employ a whole day looking for a couple of braces for Jack, and yet in the time of trouble she could buy a mourning outfit in half an hour, and her needle would fly as if guided by electricity in sewing on a bridal gown or a shroud for somebody's baby. She can cry out her troubles on a man's shoulder and feel a relief that is only possible from masculine help, and ten minutes after she can laugh in that man's face and wonder what men were made for. She can be brave in time of mental trouble; she can stand by and hold the hand of someone who is suffering from physical trouble, and yet she will scream as if she is about to be killed at the suggestion of a mouse or a beetle.

Compressed Air as Motive Power.—The use of compressed air as a motive power for tramways in France is ex ending. Two years ago the system was successfully applied on tramways. The inventor asserted that his system is far more economical than horse-traction—the cost of coal per day of a machine equal to eight or ten horse power being only four shillings—much cheaper than electricity or steam power, and that the machinery is simple and does not require a skilled mechanic to control it. The Consul at Nantes, in a recent report, states that "the tramways of that town, which are worked by the system alluded to above, continue to give satisfaction. The cars are comfortable and run smoothly, with little noise. They do not interfere with the general traffic in the streets, and their immunity from accidents is remarkable. The average speed is about eight miles per hour; but it can be easily increased or moderated, and in case of need an almost instantaneous stoppage effected."

Habits and Motives.—In all moral progress there are two distinct elements—habits and motives. While these require simultaneous training and exercise, they lie on different lines, and need to be discriminated in any system of training or self-discipline. Much confusion and wasted labor sometimes result from not keeping this clearly in mind. It is one thing to induce a person to do a certain thing; it is quite another to get him to desire to do it from some noble motive. There is no question about the latter being far the more excellent and permanent thing to effect; but it is also far more difficult; and many persons, finding their influence in this respect unavailing, discontinue all effort in despair.

Sympathy with Suffering.—Unless there be some sympathy with suffering, there will be nothing done for its relief, and the ties of human brotherhood will be quickly sundered. If it is a blessing that we are unable to feel the full force of another's sorrow, it is no less a blessing that we have the capacity of feeling a part of it. And this capacity usually needs development rather than restraint. For a few who may grieve unwarrantably for their fancied insensibility there are multitudes who are sadly deficient in sympathy and never grieve at all about it. It should never be forgotten that all social happiness, all mutual benefactions, and all true benevolence are founded on the presence of sympathy. Were it not for this, we should all be miserable and misery-giving egotists.

Working of Prohibition.—A few days ago a well-known Pittsburg dealer in live-stock went to Washington County to have a deal with a large stock-raiser who is also prominent as a strict prohibitionist. The cattle having been inspected and the price agreed upon, the Washington County man retired to the house to make out a receipt, leaving the Pittsburger in his son's hands. As soon as the old man had disappeared indoors, his son, a bright lad nearing his majority, said to the Pittsburger, "This is rather dry work talking all day, ain't it?" The Pittsburger assented. "Well," continued the young man, "I've a bottle out in the hay-mow, and we might as well get a taste of the stuff while dad's not by." The Pittsburger said "Yes" again, and the two repaired to the hay-mow and partook of the contents of the black bottle. Then the young Washington hid the bottle in the hay-mow, saying as he did so, "Don't tell the old man anything about this—he's awful down on drinking!" Of course the Pittsburger vowed silence as he smacked his lips and left the young man. Two minutes later he was in the house paying over the money to the old stock-raiser. After the business in hand had been despatched and the bargain had been closed, the Pittsburger was about to take his leave, when the old man said rather awkwardly, "Say, are you feeling dry? I've a jug down the cellar, and the liquor's fine." It is hardly necessary to say they were soon in the cellar. As the old prohibitionist drained his glass, he said to his guest, "Don't say nothing 'bout this to them boys o'mine—they don't know 'bout the jug!"

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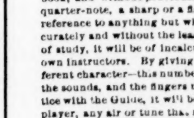

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Indian and Japanese silks in delicate colors are amongst the most successful fabrics, but as they do not lend themselves to the plain straight styles of skirt in vogue, new modes have to be introduced for them complying, as far as possible, with the reigning fashions of the day but departing from them in some respects.

Accordion pleated skirts are in great favor for these materials, with the addition of a series of deep-hued panels ornamented in some coquettish fashion with guipure lace.

Next to these in popularity are printed foulards and mousselines de laines, plain voile and the same material embroidered, and to some extent tussore silks are also worn.

Lace, both white and black, is also much worn over a colored foundation, but these dresses are very simply made, although richly trimmed, and the bodice is invariably full and finished off with a pointed band of satin, the sleeves being as a rule very large, a comfortable fashion for hot weather.

A very pretty black lace dress has the foundation skirt covered in front with a long square tablier of lace carried far back on either side and separate from the pleated back breadths; the intervals between the front and back parts are filled up by a regular series of loops of satin ribbon covering the whole of this part of the foundation; the epaulets and front of the corsage are trimmed to match with loops of ribbon.

Black lace dresses are also trimmed with jet in the shape of girdles from which a deep fringe falls on the skirt, jet corselets, applique ornaments and epaulets.

Medici collars are much worn with lace toilettes and look extremely well.

A very stylish dress of black net embroidered with large spots has the front drawn up in vertical puffings by narrow satin ribbon, each row ending in a loop which falls over a kind of ribbon fringe edging the skirt and formed of two rows of loops.

The corsage is drawn in a similar manner, the ribbon ending in loops at the edge a collarette of loops and a crest of loops round the shoulder forming a raised epaulet, constitute an appropriate trimming The full back of the skirt is edged with a bouillonne, and the full sleeves are finished off with a deep bouillonne parement.

Sleeves are still made very high at the shoulder and many are the contrivances for giving the desired effect. Puffings and frills of all kinds are employed, thick rolls and a sort of modified Medici collar are also in vogue, and in some few cases the puff on the sleeve is repeated on the dress, which is drawn up in a puff near the sleeve and across the shoulder. Full bodices are so arranged in folds across the chest and back that material is provided for a fluted ruche of graduated depth, higher at the back than in front, where it is open; and which takes the place of a Medici collar.

Nearly all these bodices are made open and filled in with crossed fichus or chemisettes of gauze, tulle, or crepe lisse, not in white only, but in a number of soft shades, of which straw color and mauve are the chief favorites. Sometimes these two colors are combined, straw colored tulle being placed over mauve, lilac or some similar shade, and blue and red are also popular shades.

Lace collars in thick ruches, made very full and in a round shape, or round at the back and open in a long point in front, are much worn and are very becoming.

White embroidery is used to an enormous extent in the preparation of summer dresses; at least half of the bodice and the whole of the sleeves are composed of embroidery, and wide panels are introduced in the skirt.

There are many ways of making bodices partly formed of embroidery; the most common is to have the yoke, front and back; or a plastron of embroidery; bretelles collars and revers are all employed, and the draped corsage or polonaise over a tight fitting under bodice of embroidery is very fashionable.

Still more stylish than these arrangements are little open jackets, or corselets of embroidery either short or long; these last, called Jeanne d'Arc corselets, being joined to the skirt.

As ribbon is also extensively used in bows and rosettes, as bretelles and as scarf-draped on the bodice and skirt, and as both embroidery and ribbon are employed in trimming toilettes of foulard, it may well be conceived that the new dresses prepared for sea-side wear are remarkably pretty and graceful.

A very pretty new style of bodice, suitable for voile or any light material has the plain upper part of the bodice and the sleeves of fine white embroidery; over this the voile bodice is draped from low on the shoulder, the right side crossing to the left being divided in two parts and draped under ribbon rosettes, the upper part on the chest, the lower part on the waist. Loose, open under sleeves of the voile are caught together on the shoulder, with the front and back of the bodice under a ribbon rosette, or little puffed knot of the dress material; these draped sleeves barely reach the elbow.

Appliques of black lace, or of very fine black guipure passementerie, on colored silk are favorite ornaments for printed foulards with a colored pattern. The tablier is bordered and edged up one side with a wide band of this trimming; the sleeves are composed entirely of the colored silk with applique ornaments, and the full or plain plastron is arranged to correspond with the sleeves.

The same arrangement is carried on with white lace on white or light colored printed foulards. Combinations of color are still in vogue, but quiet shades such as gray or mastic are much liked.

A beautiful mantel for summer "display" occasions is a deep reddish heliotrope velvet. This is used as a deep gathered frill, meeting in front, coming over the shoulder and round the back. The space extending to the throat and the collar are composed of black silk guipure and fine roee point, and from the velvet frill fell a long fringe and loops of cut jet—a perfect black shower. It is quite the most becoming and distingue looking cape of the season.

A dust cloak "glorified," as the mantua-maker calls it, is made to envelope the figure. It is cut in tan colored nun's veiling, trimmed with a white guipure, resembling the fine Spanish point of old days, bordered with deep points for collar; which almost covered the shoulders. Two wide bands of the same came down the fronts. Some gold and stone colored passementerie ornaments appeared at the waist.

Babies' short cloaks, in light woolens or silk, are cut in deep scallops and vandykes, with a quilling of lace beneath. Lace capes appear on many, and some are embroidered all over with tiny silk sprays, the capes piped and then edged with wide lace. An infant's long pelisse, with three deep capes edged with upturning pointed guipure, had also lace around it. Little frocks in nun's veiling come in almost any color; the skirts are tucked and the bodices have a yoke of embroidered white muslin.

The Breton dress for older girls and young ladies has the skirt tucked in front and laid in deep pleats at the back. The bodice is trimmed with gay buttons in sets of three, to simulate the Breton jacket, and has colored or metal embroideries outlining its shape on the bodice.

Odds and Ends.

NOVELTIES FOR THE HOME.

This is the age of knicknacks; fashion-decorated rooms are crowded with them, and yet hundreds more are being made daily. What ladies do with the fancy articles they are continually buying is a puzzle that men cannot solve.

Many of the things bought at bazaars are sent on to others, and the plan is not a bad one by any means, for two charities are thus helped; but there are so many things bought by ladies for their own rooms, and how they manage to cram them all in it is difficult to say.

The practice of overcrowding tables, tops of pianos, and cabinets, with trashy knicknacks is not an admirable one, nor can the result be usually termed artistic, but what then? It is the fashion and that ends the matter.

Just now the enamelled bamboo flower stands and easels are all the rage; they are seen everywhere. The combination of colors in the draperies is generally charming, and this it is which attracts. But there might well be greater variety.

If liberty crepe, printed gold, was used instead of the two or three silk squares—the regulation drapery—we should perhaps not come across quite so many replicas in the course of an afternoon's calls.

Or striped surah might be used, or shot surah, or gold printed velvsteen, or Dacca muslin. Once given an idea, there ought to be no difficulty in these days, when there are pretty stuffs innumerable, of ringing some pleasant changes on the original.

The newest bags are shaped somewhat like outspread butterflies' wings, two wings on each side, from these the silken bags rise, and are finished at the top with deep beading.

The wings if so we may call them, are made of a good contrasting color to the bag, and are embroidered; or they may be made of linen, with design worked with crewels, and a background of stitches of various colors just put in anyhow.

The design may be outlined with gold, and the background stitches are quite short.

There is no doubt that new sacking work will be popular, because it is so attractive, and at the same time very easy to accomplish. The sacking ground affords a golden creamy tint, that is accentuated by rows of tiny gilt spangles, which outline the design. Many colored silks are used in carrying out the set patterns, and a rich Oriental effect is secured. Old quaint-shaped chairs would look charming with these sacking seats.

Quick workers have no excuse for having shabby chair coverings in their drawing-rooms now.

In the olden days handsome brocades that cost a mint of money, or fine Berlin woolwork seats, that demanded of the worker months of persevering labor, were de rigueur. But Dame Fashion now permits us to cover our chairs after our own sweet wills, and the more novel or original the better to some minds.

The round baskets with tall handles, all covered with fulled Nagpore silk; now are accompanied with dainty candle shades to correspond; these being made just like miniature lamp shades of fulled silk with frayed hedges. The candlesticks used with them are of opal glass, and the shapes in which these are made are most pleasing, so light and elegant. Carried out in eau de Nil silk, a beautiful cool effect is gained for summer evenings.

Gold silk harmonizes with nearly all dinner services. In choosing a blue shade it is necessary to be more careful, because most blues are liable to change with artificial light; nor do they generally light up well; so we recommend—if blue baskets and shades are desired—that they shall be made of Pompadour brocade. The pink, gold, and white in the patterns relieve the blue from coldness and dullness. These should be filled with gold and white flowers. Brilliant red anthuriums, with almost black foliage, is a grand combination with gold baskets, but rather showy.

Gold baskets holding clusters of gold roses, and here and there a flitting blue butterfly, some just settling on the handles, would be very tasty.

Lovely tall, bright yellow jugs are to be seen about just now. The shape, wide at the bottom, and narrow up towards the top, and the shading of the yellow ware are delightful. They would look very well on a dark oak sideboard filled with yellow fringe edged poppies.

The onion scent bottle is a novelty that may not perhaps please everyone, but it is really very pretty and taking. It is so exquisitely represented and so delicately tinted, that it is quite a work of art. Notwithstanding the recollection of the odor of the natural root, and its association with the stock pot, we still own that we admire the clever counterfeit.

Very quaint and taking is the kitten brooch; two playful mischievous kits, all of glittering diamonds, are alert and ready to pounce on the pearl ball between them, that is just lightly set on the bar of gold, on which they also poise themselves lightly on their hind legs.

Enamelled bangles are worn now, as well as the still fashionable gold ones; they are just narrow bands, with different colored enamels arranged as ornamentation.

Oxidised steel watches and bracelets are to be seen, but they are more odd-looking than pleasing. They have a cold, hard appearance, reminding one of handcuffs in their grim simplicity.

A very attractive knicknack for young ladies' wear is the floral chatelaine. Made of natural flowers, to contrast well with the dress, or match in hue the sash, it is certain to be generally worn in summer.

Never were real flowers more admired for dress trimmings than at present. What with floral epaulettes, floral fans, floral sunshades, and floral chatelaines, we have an abundance of good things to choose from but even flowers should be worn in moderation.

For breakfast and luncheon tables we have some fanciful casters, in the form of a silver bottle and two silver tumblers, all set on a miniature silver tray. These are to hold pepper, mustard and salt. Then there are the small cream cans exact copies in silver of the cans in which the cream is sent from the dairy; and the toast racks of which the supports are capital letters forming the word "toast."

The writing tables are supplied with five or six wee copper fish kettles placed on a copper tray, one to serve as inkstand, another to hold the brush, which is now preferred to a pen wiper, and so on.

Confidential Correspondents.

R. L.—Broad street is twenty and a half miles long. We do not know the length of Broadway, New York.

BELLA.—Of our military titles the lowest is Lieutenant, then Captain, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, Brigadier-General, Major-General, Lieutenant-General, then General.

ADMIRER.—The Secretary of State has charge of the intercourse between the United States and foreign nations, the issuing of passports and the publication and sale of the laws enacted by Congress.

G. M.—The democrats at their national convention in 1844 demanded the reoccupation of Oregon up to the line of 54 deg 40 min., "or a war with Great Britain" a demand summarized by the phrase "Fifty-four forty or fight."

WORKMAN.—The term "navvy," in England is applied to a laborer and is said to be a corruption of navigator, the name by which men employed in constructing navigable canals were called. Before this, navvies used to be termed excavators.

BERTON.—The British Empire, including India, the colonies, and so forth, covers an area of 10 000 000 square miles—nearly a fifth of the land surface of the earth, or three times the size of Europe. The number of people on this area is computed at 350 000 000.

OPTICIAN.—Color blindness is very rarely met with in women; amongst men, about one out of every twenty is affected with it. It is called Daltonism as well, from Dalton, the discoverer of the atomic theory. He was color blind, and was amongst the first to call attention to this singular defect.

SETTER.—It is useless to aim at reducing the eccentricities of English spelling to a system. You are quite right in expressing your wrath at so many caprices; but you are wrong about the word which you lay most stress on. In all good dictionaries you will see that the form "peddler" is given; and the verb "peddle" is also there with its derivatives.

AMLO.—Appointments to West Point are made by the President, on recommendation of members of Congress. If there should be a vacancy for your Congress district, and you could obtain the influence of your Congressman, you might possibly gain the appointment. Then you would have to pass a medical examination as to bodily soundness, and another as to scholarship.

TEMPUS.—Though divisible by four, the year 1900 will not be a leap year. 1600 was a leap year; and so will 2000 be. The rule is that the last years of centuries are leap years only when the number of the century is divisible by four. The year 1900 will belong to the nineteenth century, not to the twentieth, as you seem to think; 1901 will be the first year of the twentieth century.

ROBERT.—Indiarubber is made from the juice of certain trees. It was first introduced into Europe in 1733, and was first mentioned in English literature in 1770 by Joseph Priestley, who recommends it for "wiping from paper the marks of a blacklead pencil." Mackintosh, from whom waterproofs are named, succeeded in dissolving indiarubber and applying it to clothing, for which process he took out a patent in 1823.

MURIEL Z.—From what we can see of your writing, we should say that you cannot do worse than try shorthand. You write a slow, painful, difficult hand, and, after you had taken your speech or letter in shorthand, you would be so long in reproducing your work that there would be no saving of time to your employer. Unless you can write longhand at the rate of about one thousand words per hour on an average, it is scarcely worth your while to take it up.

TYPE.—There are about forty of fifty different sizes of type in ordinary use at the present day. Printers have a distinct name for each, and use about sixteen sizes in different descriptions of book-work. The smallest size is called brilliant; then follow, in gradation upwards, diamond, pearl, ruby, nonpariel, minion, brevier, and bourgeois. All kinds of type are sold by weight, and the price varies according to the size of the letter. There is an immense outlay in cutting the punches and in the general manufacture. In the diamond type it takes two thousand "i's" to weigh a single pound.

COUNTRY.—The phrase, "takes the cake," which many consider to be a vulgarity, originated in the negro "cake walks," common in the Southern States in recent years, and not unknown in the Northern. At balls given by colored people, couples, drawn by lot, will sometimes walk round a cake specially prepared for the occasion, and the umpires award the prize to the pair who, in their opinion, walk round most gracefully and are attired with the greatest taste. Hence they are said to "take the cake," an expression which has attained wide currency in recent years.

E. T. F.—Your dreams are very curious; but, as you say, the events which followed were only coincidences. The objects which you saw were only distorted images of the bilious particles which were being forced through the blood vessels of your eyes. Many people are rendered horribly afraid if they happen to dream of a baby. You may perhaps remember the weird infant that always came to Jane Eyre when trouble was impending. Sensible women are sometimes reduced to abject terror when this uncanny apparition visits them in dreams. We believe the orthodox proceeding is to thrust the baby away; if you nurse it, something fearful is sure to occur.

ADA F. W.—You have blundered, as silly hot-headed girls will continue to do; and you must extricate yourself by using a little tact. It will not serve any good purpose for you to humiliate yourself to the man whom you have treated so badly; but you should write quietly and gracefully to him, and ask him to pardon your outbreak of petulance. You owe that much to him. If he is as manly a fellow as you think he is, he will not be slow to forgive the thoughtlessness of a high-spirited girl; and you must take care to play no more pranks, or you may have an unpleasant and lonely lifetime to repent in. If the worst has already come to the worst—if he has gone away in a fit of pique and engaged himself to some one else—then you must fall back on plain worldly wisdom. We have no sympathy with sentimental rubbish; and we think you may marry the good fellow who is so faithful to you. We should not advise any one, as a rule, to marry for money; but, unless we are far out in our reckoning, you will be in constant mischief until you have some powerful influence to steady you; and therefore we think you should make the best of a bad business, and secure the protector of whom you stand so sorely in need.

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GIVING FLOWERS.

BY E. E. V.

She gave him flow'rs at morning
With fair enchanting grace,
And dropped with half-feigned shyness
Her smiling dimpled face.
His boyish heart throbbed wildly,
"How can I thank for these?"
Her smiles turned into laughter
With, "Kiss me, if you please!"

He gave her flow'rs one evening
With fearing eager face,
And close upon her bosom
His sweet gift found a place.
"I thank you much," she murmured,
His earnest eyes flashed bright:
"As years ago I thanked you
Do you thank me to-night."

And once again he gave her
The flow'rs she loved so well,
While manhood tears of anguish
In silent sorrow fell.
But, ah, that gift he brought her
Awoke no smile of love—
His flow'r had been transplanted
To Paradise above!

Back to the World

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PINCH OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED)

HE does not know how eagerly persuasive are his tones, nor indeed does she—their thoughts are in too tumultuous a state. She knows she must answer. She feels she ought to say, "No, thank you, sir," and she cannot No, come what may, she will have this drive! Never again may it be hers to deny or accept, never again may such an hour be hers to enjoy. This one drive at least shall be hers. The temptation is too great to resist, and she does not attempt resistance. She says—

"Oh, how nice that would be, sir!"

"Sir Bryan," he corrects for the second time, as they move off. "I think you know that my mother's companion should call me 'Sir Bryan' simply, not 'sir.'"

"Mrs. Ffolliott's maid."

"And her companion. I have heard you laughing and chatting together for whole afternoons. We need not argue about terms. You will not tell me you are not an educated young girl, because, you see, I should know better."

"I am educated, Sir Bryan."

"Of course! Then you can call yourself what you like or take what situation you please—you remain a fit companion for another educated person. If were to break stones upon the road to-morrow, finding nothing better to do, my position would be different, of course, but my education would be still there. And in the days, you know, when women were not supposed to be learned there were frequently young gentlewomen who occupied the position you hold with regard to my mother. We turn down here, coming to a white post shortly; then up to the cliffs, over the brow of Eastray Hill, and back home."

When they reach the top of the cliffs, there is another halt but no sentiment, because the Trooper fidgets about in an unwonted matter, and will not allow Sir Bryan the dangerous luxury of letting the reins lie loose on his back while he shifts his position in order that he may contemplate at his leisure his companion's little white nose and dimpled chin in profile, and the glow in her beautiful eyes. Dorcas forgets everything in presence of the sea.

"Oh!" she cries. "Oh! Dear me, how divine! Ah!" She gives not one, but ten sighs—long-drawn breaths full of keenest enjoyment.

There it lies, silver-gray, spangled, and sparkling in the moonlight as if every star in heaven had fallen into it and lay floating on the surface, gently moving in measured rise and fall like the breast of a deep sleeper. A hundred feet down it breaks upon the beach, idly lapping the stones in gentle far-off cadence.

Sir Bryan grows jealous of his companion's expression. What would he not give to call such a look as that into her dreamy face?

"One would think you had never seen the sea before," when the silence is becoming unendurable to him.

"Ah, but I shouldn't love it so well if I hadn't, Sir Bryan! It always makes me think."

"So it does me; but of what? Of the vastness of the world, or its insignificance?"

"Does that puzzle you too, Sir Bryan?

"Very much," he answers frankly. "I never seem to come to any conclusion. Down at Westray or at Beckingham, where I have all sorts of business men—some sharp, some dullards, and nearly all philosophically ignorant—to deal with, and they and I are occupied in daily struggling for the mastery—well, it seems to me a petti-fogging, narrow place enough, and arranged so that most of its worries and cares shall fall upon my single pair of shoulders. Then I come up here, and I think, what a world—and what a mere atom I am—in what respect different from the merest labor on earth?"

"Very different indeed—perhaps not necessarily better."

"I am not at all clear about it myself. I suppose I require more things to make life endurable to me than he does. But I don't consider that to be a feather in my cap."

"I don't think you can say that, sir. You have learned to do without so much!"

"What makes you say so? Because I don't put my two fists into my eyes and go 'boo-hooing' about the village?"

"Ah, but, if you wear a brave face, Sir Bryan, can more be expected? You mustn't be too humble. Excuse me, sir!"

"Do you think there is any danger?"

"There may be a little danger, sir."

"No, I am not humble. Sometimes—only I don't tell this to Mrs. Ffolliott, or the churchwardens, or any magistrate, or the Misses Robinson, or, in fact, to anybody—do you know what I sometimes used to feel? I felt as though I could throw myself for very rage over that cliff, so bare did life seem to me without—well, without much that I had expected would one day be mine."

"And now?" she asks timidly.

"Now," he says, after a pause, and with a long-drawn breath—"now I want to live."

"I think," she says recklessly, "that the jump into the sea would be very much more to my taste."

"Oh, hush—do not say that, pray! What—hand in hand, you and I? Why did you say that?"

"I don't know," she answers, startled at his evident emotion. "You—yourself suggested it."

"Oh, come, come, Dorcas! I spoke foolishly, but you should have seen your own face. For a moment you meant it. Is life so devoid of interest to you?"

There is a silence for a while.

"After all," he goes on, "worldly advantages, position, prosperity are nothing. Life holds a better blessing. In fact,—there is only one thing necessary to happiness in any station in this world."

Another pause, and then Dorcas says—

"And that the poorest of us may have."

"I guessed— Oh, you don't mean money, sir?"

"The poor haven't that," he says, smiling at her. "Try again, Dorcas."

"I don't think, sir—Sir Bryan, that I should argue upon these things with you."

"I rather fancy you are laughing at me in your sleeve. What do you think I meant?"

"Well," she says desperately, "I suppose that plenty of good food is as necessary as anything."

He turns around and looks into her face deliberately.

"I am sure you don't think I meant that; because you know as well as I do that that is precisely what the poor do not have. I think you know what I meant—love!"

"Yes, I think I did, in a general sense."

"In a general sense! Do you remember your parents, Dorcas?"

"My mother is not long dead, sir—a very few year."

"Was she— What did she do?"

"She was clever at needlework," Dorcas says, with flaming cheeks.

In the moonlight her color is not very perceptible; besides, they are moving onward now.

"But you have friends besides ourselves?" he asks. "Mr. Duncombe speaks most highly, most warmly of you."

"Oh, poor little Mr. Duncombe!" she says lightly, and then for the third or fourth time apologises for speaking so freely. "I have friends, sir, of course—one very dear and valued one in whom I trust."

"Oh!" cries he, pricking up his ears. "Is she a relative?"

"It's a he," Dorcas says innocently.

"Oh, I'm sure I beg your pardon!" he says, sudden fury filling his breast. "And when is it to be? Why on earth hasn't he been down to see you?" In his despair he is exceedingly rude. "When is the happy, happy day to be?"

"The what, Sir Bryan? It is not that kind of friend, sir, at all," she says coldly. "He was my father's friend, and I was left in his care. He is like a second father to me."

The relief is as intense as the remorse he feels at having been so rude.

"I'm afraid I was very rude to you, Dorcas," he says humbly." But do not be angry with me, for I could horsewhip myself as it is!"

"But, sir," she says earnestly, "you said nothing particular. It would be proper—I mean, I ought to expect Mrs. Ffolliott or yourself to question me."

"Then why did you look so reproachfully at me?"

"Did I? I am very sorry, sir."

"You did," he says; and his own look and tone are dangerously tender.

Sudden dismay fills both their breasts, and they are speechless.

"Good heavens," he reflects, "she will fancy I am as bad as Dick—and up here too, where she can't get away from me! I must be mad!"

"How dreadful!" she thinks. "Am I so much in love with him that I can't remember how I am to behave myself?"

They speak no more, and the remainder of the drive home is quick and quiet. When they reach the Red House, a groom who has heard the wheels emerges from somewhere, and Sir Bryan gets down first, and then turns to Dorcas. It is such a weary white face, yet so serenely sweet in expression, which looks down upon him as he holds out two hands and says, "Come Dorcas!" that he feels he must impart a little of what is at his heart.

"I'm not going to take a leaf out of Mr. Ffolliott's book, he says frankly. "You may trust me."

"Why, yes, indeed, Sir Bryan!" she says, with a sudden bright smile, as if a contrary idea were something amusing indeed; and then she enters the house, to the intense surprise and delight of Stebbings.

"Oh, come to the missus!" she says in her excitement. "My word, won't she be glad! Oh, here—let me get your cloak off, and then come to the drawing room! She's been crying this afternoon—the rheumatics again, and the dulness, and one thing and another; and I said to Mrs. Dawson, 'Here's a visitor in my tea; and if only—oh, if only it should be Miss Hailing back again!' Plague take the string! And how pale you are! Never mind—Westray'll be set you up again!"

Dorcas pauses for a moment, her lips quivering, her eyes filling—Stebbing's voluble welcome touches her heart. Then she is ready. She smooths her hairs, run across the hall, knocks at the drawing-room door, and puts in her head.

"It's Dorcas," she says gently.

Mrs. Ffolliott cries "Dorcas!" and scatters everything—the shawl that is over her feet, her book, her balls of knitting-wool, the little toy-terrier that is lying on her lap.

"Dorcas, my child, this is delightful! I am so glad—so very glad to see you! Why, when did you come, and how? For good have you come? Well, this is delightful! How dare you stand there laughing, you mischievous little thing—laughing at your poor old mistress because she has missed you so much! Do notice the dog! Isn't he frantic? My dear, don't let him lick your face like that! Get down, Bobby! Now tell me, Dorcas—how have you come?"

Then follow explanations until Sir Bryan comes in, and Dorcas is smilingly dismissed, too happy to remember any consternation of an hour ago or to feel any misgivings. They have missed her!

* * * * * *

An evening or two later Dorcas goes into Mrs. Ffolliott's room with a cup of arrow-root. There is no light but the flicker of a cheerful little fire; and her mistress says—

"Can you see to put it down, Dorcas? I don't want it, and I don't want candles, and I do want you to rub my arm—it is aching very painful, I have been dozing."

"I'm afraid I disturb you," Dorcas says regretfully. "Perhaps if I rub and keep quiet you will go off again."

"Sing me Lord Wren's song," Mrs. Ffolliott says; and Dorcas smile at her in the dark and sings it, or rather hums it in a charmingly sweet and low voice. It is a little old English song.

"Oh, woe is me for that my love
Should never come anear!
If so that he unfaithful prove,
'Tis more than I shall bear,
"And in some little flow'red dell
I'll lay me down to die,
And leave all faithful hearts to tell
My cruel sweetheart why!"

Best of compliments, Mrs. Ffolliott is asleep before the song is ended. Dorcas lays the covering on the poor white arm she has been rubbing, and makes her way gently to the door. Just before she reaches it she comes in contact with something which is not furniture. It is warm, and moves and a voice whispers, just in time to prevent a possible scream—

"It is I—Bryan."

Somehow he has grasped her hand, which was stretched out before her while groping her wey to the door. So far the proceeding was excusable; but it does not seem necessary to safe progression that he should continue to hold it—nevertheless he does. It is so small, so soft! He finds the door, opens it, draws her out on the lighted landing, and closes the door gently benind them both. He does not relinquish her hand even then; but she does not make the mis